

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

NEW
YORK
WORLD'S FAIR

Golden
Gate
International
Exposition



MAY, 1939

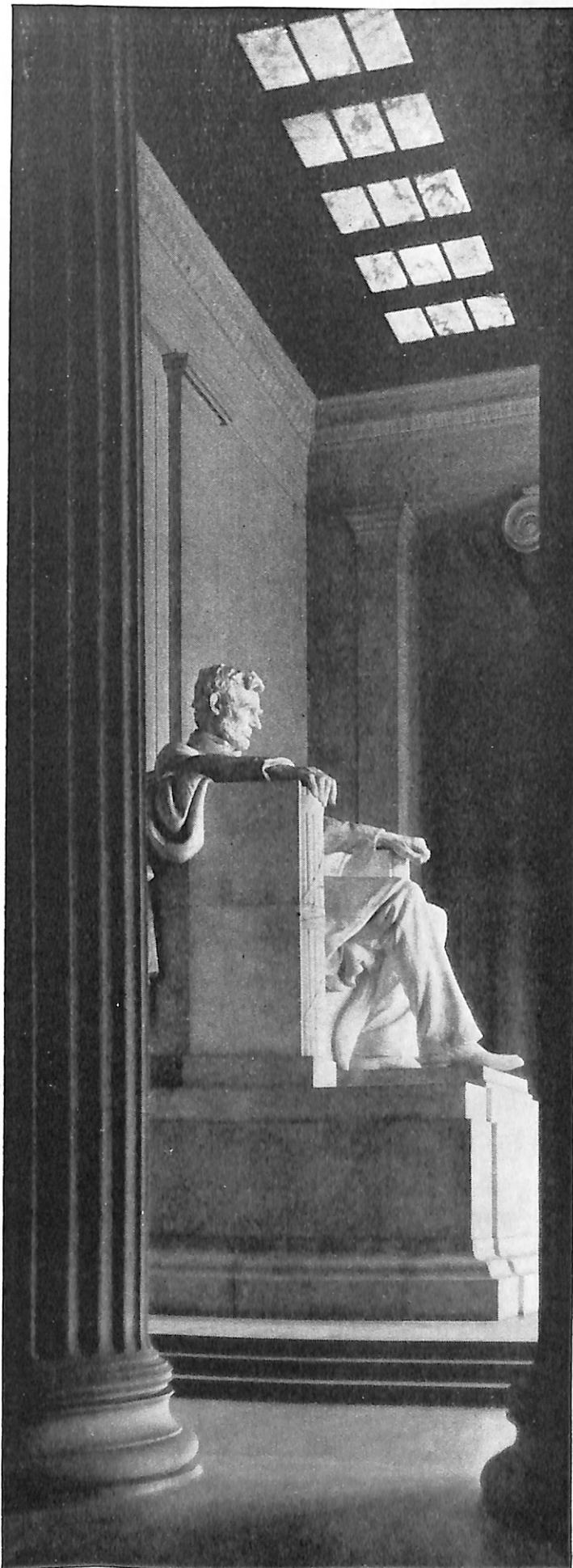


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A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

DEAR BROTHER ELKS:

I have recently sent to each newly elected Exalted Ruler, plans for a follow-up program for our Americanization activities. The good athlete, be he a baseball player, a golfer or a bowler, recognizes the value of the "follow through". We cannot afford to permit the good that has been accomplished during Americanism Week in March to be forgotten. It would not be good judgment to "rest on our oars". We have made the Nation cognizant of subversive activities. Hundreds of thousands of lines have been written in the newspapers of the country regarding our aims and activities in Americanism work. There has been a large amount of editorial comment.

Having issued the warning to the people of our country, all of us should accept the responsibility of becoming active in the administration of the remedy. I feel that if every subordinate lodge will gather into its lodge room or its home, at regular intervals, those individuals who are immigrants to our country and who have come here seeking their inalienable rights, for the purpose of teaching them American history and the fundamentals of Democracy and for the purpose of aiding them in becoming Americans and securing their citizenship papers, actually absorbing them, that we will be doing a constructive work in administering a national antidote that will render much of the poison of Communism inactive.

I ask every Exalted Ruler to scrutinize the plans carefully and to bring the full force of Elksdom's man-power into this movement. A tremendous amount of good can be accomplished in the next few weeks, which will help our great country and be a source of pride and joy and satisfaction to every member of the Order.

We have accomplished much good this year with our program of civic projects and with the Americanism program and we will accomplish much with the "follow through" program that I have suggested. I know that I can count on every Exalted Ruler in Elksdom, and when we clasp hands in St. Louis in July, we can look the world in the eye, knowing that as Elks we have done our share to preserve Democracy.

Donora, Pennsylvania, Lodge, No. 1265, did good work in Americanism Week. This Lodge, in fact, brought great credit upon Elksdom by its efforts in behalf of the foreign born.

My congratulations and best wishes to the new officers of subordinate lodges. You wish for a successful administration. Remember, therefore, that Elksdom has a definite goal, a specific end and purpose. Start at once to give your all to civic accomplishments, Americanism and Americanization. Let there be no compromise with the lapsation problem. Start your reinstatement and new membership endeavors at once. A determined effort at this time means success a year hence. Your Brothers have given you a great honor—but there is no honor without responsibility!

With sincere fraternal regards,

Edward J. M. Cornick

Grand Exalted Ruler.

MAY 1939

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Cover Design by Ronald McLeod

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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by Howard Fast

There came a day when Richard Hammond put down his long rifle and his knife and took the road home to do a chore for Johnny Appleseed.

Illustrated by W. EMERTON HEITLAND

WHEN I eat an apple now, I save some of the seeds, and my father did that, and his father, and my grandfather's grandfather. And on a day in April, I plant the seeds. Not at home, but through April here and there, wherever I happen to be. You can plant an appleseed, not too well, but well enough, by just kicking up the turf, stamping down the seed, and then scraping some dirt over it. That's a chore for Johnny Appleseed.

Nowadays, most people have never heard of Johnny Appleseed. If they're out hunting in a forest of birch and ash and hemlock, and all of a sudden they happen on a little clearing with a few old apple trees in it, they don't stop to think of how the apple trees got there, that maybe Johnny Appleseed put them there. East and west and north and south, they watch the apple trees bear and the fruit ripen, but they never think twice of how the apple trees got there.

Now my grandfather's grandfather knew; my grandfather's grandfather had a debt put on him, an easy debt, but a persistent one.

My grandfather's grandfather was a younger son. His name was Richard Hammond, and he was tall and handsome and wild. He was the youngest of five sons. In those days things were different, and it was no unusual thing to have five sons in a single family.

In those days, most men were farmers. For the eldest son, there was the farm; it was his by right of birth. If the farm was a large one he could say to one of his brothers, "Stay with me, and bring a wife here to live. There is enough for both of us."

Well, sometimes the younger brother would stay, and sometimes he wouldn't. They had pride in those days. They had something else, too, and that something they hardly ever referred to with words. You see, it was too big for words, too big to think of all at once. Mostly, they preferred to simply wave a hand westward and mutter about out yonder. "Out Yonder" was the wilderness. These farming people were mostly on the coast, and for two thousand miles there was wilderness that no man knew. The wilderness was for the younger sons, for the strong among them.



He was happy because he had a fair proud woman for a wife and he tried to forget that he had ever been a ranger and a wanderer.

company at the village inn, drank ale and listened to stories of men who had wandered into other lands.

Now, back of the inn there was a courtyard where they pitched quoits and shot at a mark. They were very proud of their shooting, these Virginia men, and when a stranger came to the inn—if it were still light—they would ask him to try his skill. The mark they shot at was a shilling at thirty paces, and if the stranger could strike it, they would toast him far into the evening. But few strangers could match them. They used a new type of gun, called a rifle, invented by a Pennsylvania gunsmith, but in great favor in Virginia.

Now, one evening, when my grandfather's grandfather sat in the inn, drinking and flirting with the barmaid, a stranger entered the place, set down his saddlebags, and asked for a room and a cup of tea. This stranger was a seemingly mild-mannered, middle-sized man, the sort of man who would impress you with nothing else than his walk and his sparkling grey-blue eyes; he walked like a cat. Well, the stranger drank his tea, stretched his legs and moved to the fire. It was still light out, and someone suggested a few shots at a shilling, loser supply the coin. Someone else suggested that the stranger might like to try his hand.

"I shoot a little," the stranger admitted good-naturedly.

They trooped out into the courtyard, innkeeper, barmaid and all, and set up a shilling for a mark. It was twilight now, the soft twilight of Virginia fall, and at thirty paces, the shilling was not easy to see. Therefore, courteously, they suggested that the stranger shoot first. But he shook his head and insisted that he watch them a while. He was greatly interested in their beautiful Pennsylvania rifles.

They shot, one after another, and some of them were good shots and some were bad. My grandfather's grandfather hit the mark. When the time came for the stranger to shoot it was already too dark to see the shilling. They watched the stranger handle the rifles, choose one and weigh it in his hands. They wondered whether he would shoot at a mark he couldn't see. Some of them suggested wagers, having the advantage all on their side, but the soft-spoken stranger good-naturedly declined. He said, "Gentlemen, you might throw that shilling up against the sky where I could see it." They

Tarry a While

Now, my grandfather's grandfather was eighteen when he heard the call. He was tall and strong, blue-eyed with dark hair. In his heart he was glad that he was free. His brother Edmund had said to him, "Take a wife, and I'll give you ten acres of the valley land." But my grandfather's grandfather laughed and pointed to where there were ten thousand acres for the taking. His brother called him a fool.

Those were troubled times. The land belonged to England, but England was wary of the wild race that had grown up in the New World. She had seen them break free of France; and, spreading westward, they forgot that England ruled them. So England set loose the wild tribes beyond the mountains against them. Men spoke of war.

But my grandfather's grandfather thought little of war then, or even of the land beyond the mountains. The fair country he lived in was called Virginia, and for a younger son of Virginia there was enough sport to make life interesting. He worked if it pleased him; he hunted and he rode to hounds. Evenings, he joined the

laughed and admitted that it was a little too dark, and nobody moved to throw up the shilling. Such a mark had never been heard of or thought of.

The stranger repeated his request, and they shrugged and smiled, and one of them flung the shilling into the air. Unhurriedly, the stranger raised the rifle and fired. When they found the shilling, it had a hole in the middle.

They crowded around the stranger, demanding his name, telling him there had never been such a shot before. He smiled shyly, and said that his name was Daniel Boone.

That was how my grandfather's grandfather came to know Daniel Boone, to go away with him into the great wilderness and to hand down to his son and his son's son a debt, a chore for Johnny Applesseed.

I will tell of Johnny Applesseed later, because there is still much to tell of my grandfather's grandfather and of Daniel Boone. Boone was a great man, but there in the inn they didn't know the name of Boone, only that he was a man who could sight a rifle as a hawk's eye drops on its prey.

They sat around the long table, Boone and the Virginia men, and until the early hours of the morning Richard Hammond listened to Boone's soft-spoken tales of the wild and wonderful land that lay westward beyond the mountains, the land-not-to-be-spoken-of, the dark land, the bloody land, the land of tall grass and canebrake where there were no trees to be cleared, only soft black earth waiting for the plow—and that land was called Kaintuck.

"I am looking for men to follow," Boone said. "I have mapped me a road in the wilderness, and I am looking for men to follow on that road."

"I would follow that road," my grandfather's grandfather nodded. His eyes gleamed, and on his face was the sign of the call and the mark of the wild. The wild had claimed him.

And the next morning he went away with Boone, taking all that was his as a younger son: his long rifle, the clothes he wore and his horse.

Westward over the mountains and into the wilderness beyond, he followed Boone. His ax felled trees on the wilderness road, and in his tracks came families to build houses in the land of Kaintuck. But for himself there was no family and no woman, only the wild. For the wild had claimed him, and he became a ranger, one of those who can walk great distances, who has no roof over his head, who is never lost, yet never finds himself. There were many of those, hunters and children of the wild; such a one was Boone, only greater than the rest.

Boone could plan for the future; he could close his eyes and see a time when the wilderness would be wilderness no longer. He could see that the same settlers who depended upon the wild, free hunters would destroy them when their purpose had been served. For hunters and rangers have no place in a land that is civilized. So Boone took himself a wife and the wife bore him children, and Boone set his hands to a plow. He said to Richard Hammond, "Settle down, man, and take a wife."

"With a roof over my head and a chain on my legs," my grandfather's grandfather smiled.

"For a life of happiness, with grandchildren at your knees."

"I'm a free man, and no woman would want a man with an itch in his heels."

Boone smiled and knew that some day there would be a woman. And Richard Hammond went away to the wilderness, to hunt and wander and be free.

Then the woman came. She came with her father from Maryland, a fair, tall, proud woman. Her father broke ground some few miles from Boone's stockade, built himself a house for shelter, and laid plans for the future. The woman's name was Ellen May.

Now, during this time, when Ellen May was making a home for her father, Richard Hammond wandered far and wide. In the north he traded furs with the Scotch and the French and the Ottawa and the Huron. Then, circling south and eastward, he found that men were making a war against England. He spoke with

"They call me Johnny Appleseed," he said. "I have a little bread. It's old bread, but if you would share it?"





a man called George Washington, and to this tall, troubled man he told tales of the great west, of the wilderness road Boone had stretched into the country beyond the mountains. And George Washington gave him certain papers to carry to Boone and to others, so that they might know of the struggle in the east and lend their hand. For in those days it was only the great hunters and the great rangers who could carry word from one end of the country to the other.

And then my grandfather's grandfather returned to the land of Kaintuck. Smiling and proud, he sat at Boone's fire, and around him gathered the elders of the settlements to listen to his words. He told them, "We must strike first. But so long as England rules America, there will be no peace with the Indians."

Yet they wanted peace, not war, being men with families and homes. He warned them, yet they preferred not to hear his warnings.

Finally he prepared to go. Boone said, "Tarry a while, Richard. Break land and plant a crop for your next coming."

He shook his head, for he was a man who must wander.

"Tarry just a while," Boone pleaded.

But he would go, and nothing could hold him back, until he saw Ellen May. He saw her come into the stockade to buy cloth for a new dress, and he stood, a motionless image in buckskin, watching her handle the homespun. A long time he stood there, watching her, fixing his eyes on her yellow hair and once catching a glance from her blue eyes. She noticed him, because my grandfather's grandfather was a man any woman would notice. And even after she had gone, he still stood there.

Then he returned to Boone's house, leaned his long rifle against the wall and said, "I'll tarry a while, Daniel."

Now, in all his time of wandering, my grandfather's grandfather had lost many of those graces that gave the charm to a Virginian. He had hunted and he had slain, and he had become hard and fierce. He had made an enemy of the red man, and he had few white men for friends. And the women who came into his life during that time were not such women as Ellen May.

So he stayed at Boone's stockade for eight months, and four of those months had gone by before he could bring himself to tell Ellen of the love he bore her.

At first he met her rarely, coming and going, sometimes in the woods and sometimes at the stockade, and at first he could hardly speak, only look at her. But she grew to notice the dark-haired stranger in buckskin. Once he met her going to the creek for water, and he carried her pails back to the farm. After that, he came to the farm more and more often, very often bringing fresh meat, and sometimes staying to eat the meat he brought. Those times, the fire would burn bright in the log cabin Thomas May had built, and he and his daughter would listen to the tales of Richard Hammond. But it took four months for him to speak of love.

I don't know what Thomas May thought, but perhaps he thought that such a man as this, tall and strong and knowing the way of the woods, would be a fine husband for his daughter. If he mentioned that to his daughter, she must have smiled a little sadly. She knew Richard Hammond.

It happened one day when they were alone, Ellen and my grandfather's grandfather, walking through the woods and after that coming out on a little knoll over the river, where they could see below them and away from them the broad forest lands of the wilderness. Then he told her.

"I've been waiting," she said. "I thought you would never tell me."

He said, "Since that day I saw you there has been no other woman—only you. I never thought that I would be marrying and breaking land. But now I will."

"You're not a restful man, to comfort a woman."

"I would comfort you."

"And then leave me, and go off to your wandering."

"I would not leave you," he said. He took her in his arms and comforted her with love, and she believed him.

Then they were married by a (Continued on page 42)

UNDER the summer sun, we go fishing. A mighty host goes forth, not to war nor the waging of some big industrial campaign, but rather to enjoy the discovery that man does not live by work alone. With the arrival of summer, opportunity thunders at our doors. Shortened work hours for executive, salesman, clerk and mechanic alike give us at last the time necessary to fish the streams, rivers, ponds, lakes, bays and oceans. Today we quickly pass by the man who says that he has not the time to take a

vacation, for he is out of the tempo of the times. Believing as we do that our best minds function in healthy bodies, America now goes headlong into play as it once went headlong into work. This new leisure, then, is the reason for the great growth in outdoor sports. More of us now play golf, baseball and tennis, and millions more go fishing, so there is no reason why the vacation industry will not have another big year.

Millions of Americans will travel this summer to Yosemite en route to the Golden Gate Exposition, others

will visit the New York World's Fair by way of Niagara Falls, which is adventure, of course, but for my vacation, show me a wandering stream where the brook trout lie in the shade of the alders and hide behind boulders and stones. Streams of this kind can be found almost everywhere, from the famous Nipigon in Ontario to the streams of the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas, and from British Columbia as far east as Nova Scotia. The brook trout, technically called *Salvelinus fontinalis*, is probably the best known fresh-water game-fish in all the world. It is one of the most beautiful, active and widely distributed of the American trout, ranging from Labrador to Georgia and westward to the Pacific. The world's record brook trout came out of the Nipigon River—14½ pounds. The brook trout that lives around St. Ignace Island in Lake Superior, near the Nipigon, is called a "coaster" and grows to large sizes. There are bigger fish than the brook, but none that have more heart. The tarpon is bigger, the world's record being 247 pounds, and the tarpon leaps higher, but after the tarpon has given his all, you can wind him in, but no one winds in a brook trout. It takes a hand net and a good man on the net to land him.

Some of the fun of fishing comes when the sun goes down and by the light of the lantern you can count the day's catch. Sixteen, seventeen—wait a minute, there's another in my coat pocket—eighteen—hold it, I've got another in my vest—nineteen, one in the left leg of the waders—twenty, feel again, good!—twenty-one! Twenty-one brook trout in twelve hours is time well spent. Now it's evening and you hear your partner say, "Little man, you've had a busy day." It's the hour of rest before a brook trout dinner. It's the angler's 19th hole, and the host comes forth and says, "Gentlemen, a toast—"

*"It's nice to sit and think and fish,
And fish and sit and think,
And sit and think and fish and wish
It's time we had a drink."*

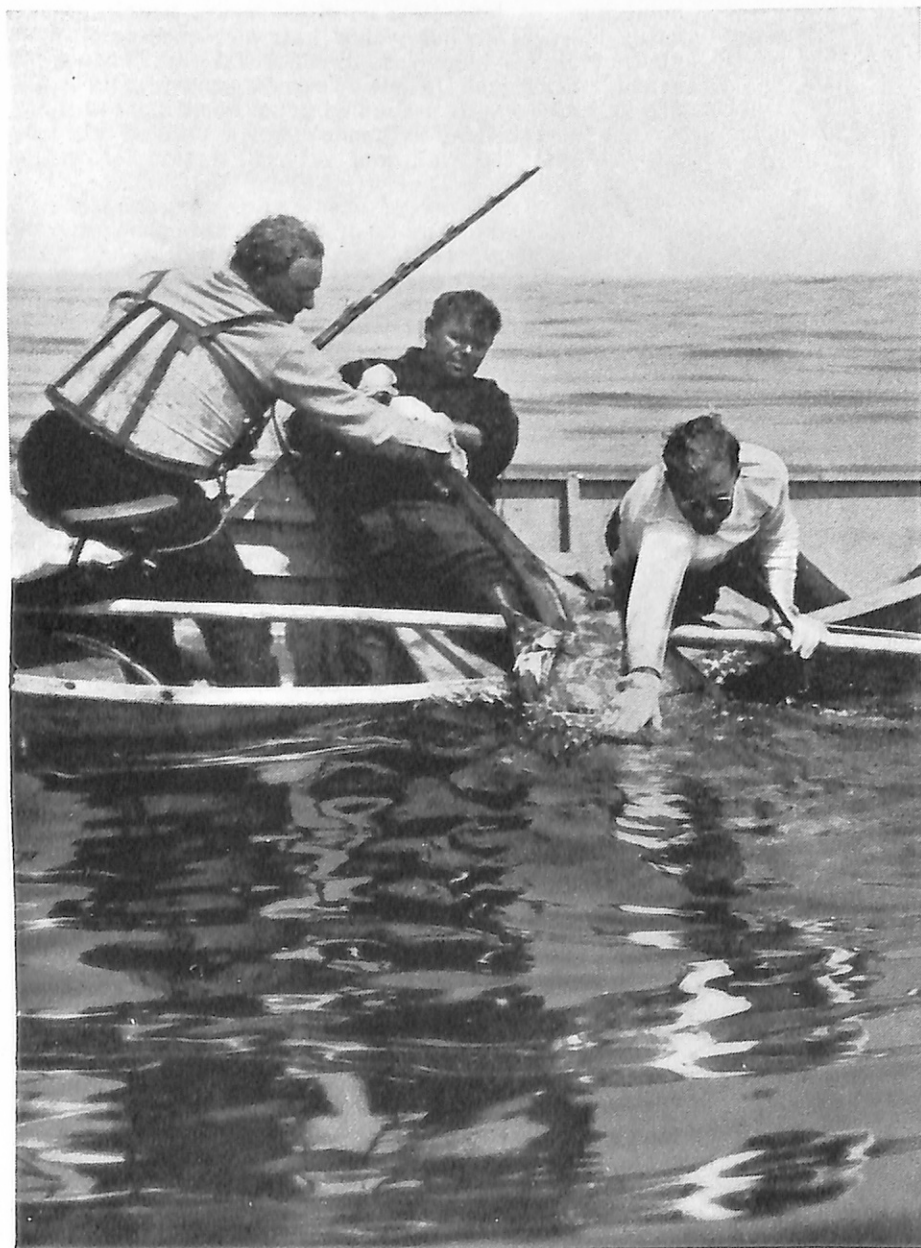
Fishing is a disease for which there is no cure. It formerly infected only savages, small boys and lazy people, but now it attacks presidents, doctors, lawyers, judges and sixteen million others. A golfing friend of mine says that fishing is easy for you if you have a sharp hook and a dull conscience, and what you don't catch with your hook, you can lie about. Fore!

Most of my friends hope some day to catch a fish SO BIG that in telling about it they won't have to lie. That is the reason why most of my friends are plan- (Continued on page 53)

Angles for Anglers

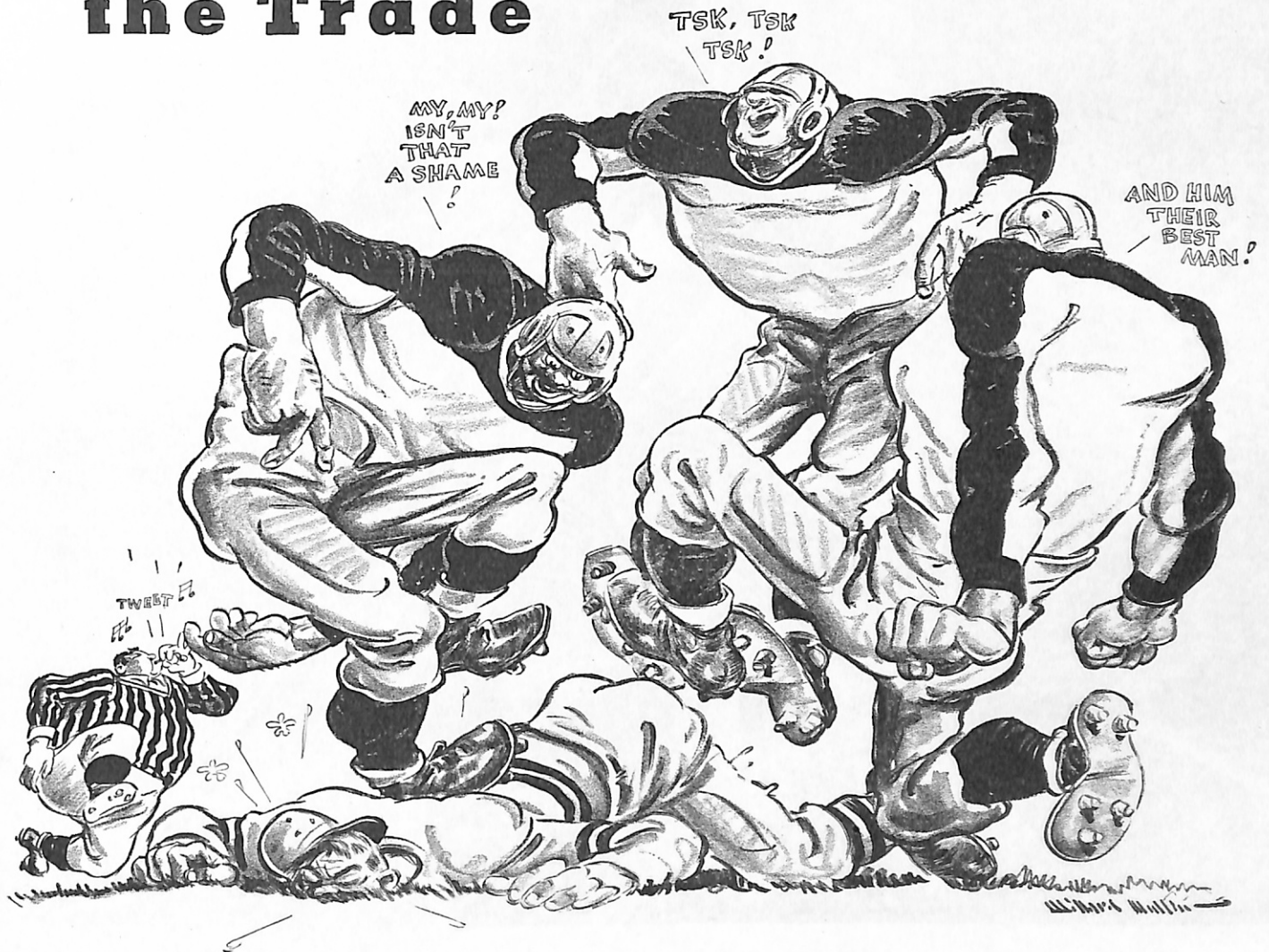
by Joe Godfrey, Jr.

Mr. Godfrey shows us how to cast our bait upon the waters and where to catch a pretty kettle of fish.



Michael Lerner, Bagby and Gifford, putting the finish on a North American record broadbill swordfish off Louisburg, Nova Scotia. They are about to rope him fast before towing him back to the mother ship used during the first Lerner-Cape Breton Swordfish Expedition for the American Museum of Natural History.

Tricks of the Trade



by Stanley Frank

In which Mr. Frank decides that the game is not always to the strong — and that amateurs make nasty playmates.

ONLY a thoroughly no-good guy, probably a wife-beater and a fiend who steals from widows and orphans, will whisper or wheeze softly when an opponent in golf is lining up a five-foot putt upon which hinges a two-bit bet. But in baseball it's perfectly all right if this same citizen, in company with 50,000 of his ilk, hollers shrilly when a batter is trying to concentrate on a missile which is thundering toward his head at the rate of 120 miles an hour.

The spectator who applauds a good shot during a tennis rally will be thrown out of the joint, and it will serve him right, the bum. But the fight fan who does not scream ecstatically for sudden death, when all hell and paralyzing blows are breaking around the head of a punch-drunk boxer, is sacrificing his birthright to demand blood-letting from the sweaty slaves who are paid to entertain him.

It is all very silly and hypocritical. The various codes of ethics which govern every sport and the definitions of sportsmanship which vary with the several games are as stupidly inconsistent as the concept of sport which was foisted upon us by the English. The

British upper-crust, to explain away the rising athletic proficiency of middle-class peasants, first put into circulation the very snooty belief that there was something distinctly low-brow in professionalism.

For decades they had us believing the highest ideals of sportsmanship and fair play were typified by fine little ladies and gents who played the game purely *pour le sport*. After all, what could be expected from people who were vulgar enough to play for money?

They can't get away with it any longer. Amateur athletes have been guilty of worse manners, more cases of underhand methods and more flagrant examples of downright bad sportsmanship than the crass professionals. The gladiator who enters the arena to keep body and soul together has more respect for his opponent and the highest traditions of his game, possibly because he has more respect for himself than the shama-teur operating under false pretenses.

Never was there a more ruthless humiliation of an honorable rival than the 6-0, 6-0 defeat young Helen Wills plastered on Molla Bjurstedt when she was coming and Molla, a popular champion, was going. And even the build-up campaign of Primo Carnera, when he was knocking over rank stumblebumps, did not approach the calculated brutality to be seen on a hundred fields every Saturday during the football season when a major college team, under the aegis of a celebrated center of culture, crushes a sacrificial lamb by five to ten touchdowns.

The out-and-out professional athlete wants to win and makes no bones about it. (Continued on page 50)



EDDIE MARVIN mused on existence as he sang his spiel and the little group pressed closer about his table. Life lifted you out of a carnival lot into vaudeville and, four years later, dropped you back into the lot again, there to ply an old and disreputable avocation. Life or fate or whatever, Eddie reflected as he clapped half a walnut shell upon the rolling pea, chased you in a circle. He ceased his provocative chant and, thanks to the distractions of philosophy, lost a dollar.

The merry-go-round whinnied and squealed as though its horses were singing at their work. A gas engine pounded, turning the Ferris wheel in night's foamless tide. The voices of Grover City's hicks and Grover County's yokels filled the reaches of the Kalmus Klassy Karnival with rough, brawling sound and through the tumult, spielers yapped like benched terriers.

Marvin hid his own voice beneath the uproar so that he reached only those who faced him across the table he had borrowed from the cook tent.

"It's gambling, folks. I should attempt to deceive intelligent people! Yet it is not that deplorable gambling dependent upon the whims of chance. No indeed. It is a contest of skill to which I invite each and all. Nothing more, nothing less."

New uproar spread from the slatted globe where Reckless Riley defied death on his motorcycle for hopeful customers. Eddie smiled into his own clients' faces, gleaming flat and shadowless in the lights of the tower from which Godiva presently would leap. Neither she, nor Riley, the reckless, faced the desperate risks that confronted Eddie Marvin with his shell racket.

Three walnut shells lay like miniature and mutinous turtles on the table top. Eddie held a pellet between thumb and forefinger. He raised his voice against the motorcycle's.

"Skill, folks; nothing more. You have two eyes. I have two hands"—he displayed them and wished they were more expert—"and though that would seem an even contest, folks, yet science gives you the break."

Midway between the tall tent that housed "Every Girl, the Morality Play", and the less elevated and elevating pavilion of "The Nine Naughty Nautches", Eddie Marvin had made his pitch. Here was a shadowy cove in the carnival's brilliant lake. It was remote, secluded. It had to be. Eddie cleared his throat and thought with a fellow feeling for Custer at the Little Bighorn.

"Science, folks, holds that the eye is swifter than the hand. I don't deny it. I only claim that I'm wild for action and rarin' to go. I offer fun, sport and amusement for all and no hard feelings, win or lose. And here we go. All I have is three shells and a pea and the more you watch, the less you see."

He wished, as he spun the pellet on the table, that the ordeal were over. You couldn't work fast when your fingers were stiff from lack of practice and slick with apprehension's sweat. You couldn't ride your luck when time pressed and each minute was more dangerous than the last. You had to hurry, and haste increased your clumsiness. He had worked for a quarter of an hour now and had gained five dollars. That brought New York a hundred and fifty miles nearer, but it was still twenty dollars and six hundred miles away.



GET-AWAY Money

by Frederick Van de Water

Life was just a shell game to
Eddie Marvin until a girl
thought he might be trusted

Illustrated by FREDERIC WIDLICKA

The shells beat a brittle rataplan on the table top. He wove them and the uneasy pellet in and out, hiding, showing, hiding it again. He crooned, "It's cash and fun for everyone and here it is and there it's gone."

He stood erect, wiping damp fingers on his shirt. Wally's telegram crackled in his breast pocket. It bit like the Spartan boy's fox. With the baleful, surround-

Eddie overthrew the table. Its edges smote the other's chin. Eddie turned and ran

ing shadows, it cried for haste. Eight men, two girls and a fat woman gaped at the cryptic shells. Eddie hid anguish with a smirk.

"Who's lucky? Who's the hawk-eye that'll back his eyesight with a small bet? Large or small, I take 'em all, because—a-ah!"

A sweating youth in a sport shirt spread a bill on the table and placed a finger on the right-hand shell.

"The gentleman sees," Eddie chanted. "The gentleman bets. And the gentleman wins. Your dollar, friend. Doubled in the wink of an eye. And here we go again."

He hoped the heartiness of which his spirit now was barren still lingered in his voice. He could have socked with a right good will the silly face of the boy who picked up two bills and backed away grinning. New York was twenty-five miles farther off.

Custer had had only Indians for a headache. Eddie Marvin, conducting a nefarious and prohibited enterprise in a carnival backwater, was handicapped by stiff fingers, made still more awkward by the roustabout tasks Kalmus, a frugal Samaritan, had imposed on a destitute, erstwhile associate. There were still graver risks.

The Law might appear at any instant. Kalmus himself, or an underling, might fall upon him equally disastrously. Kalmus, filled with the bitter rectitude of a former sinner, would show no mercy to one who polluted the highly moral atmosphere of his carnival.

Custer himself might have shrunk from such odds. Thought of Wally's telegram bit Eddie again and urged him on. Three suckers, in succession, picked the wrong shell and New York drew sixty-odd miles nearer. A loud voice said, "Clever? Crooked. He has to be."

Dread stirred in Marvin's midriff. His defamer was big and red and scornful. Eddie looked from him to the girl beside him and forgot fear.

Her head scarcely reached her escort's shoulder, yet she had poise that gave her the look of height. Miriam Norcross of the summer stock company whose collapse had brought its juvenile lead so low, bore herself with the same deerlike grace, but Miriam had sent no such thrills along Marvin's spine. Miriam's eyes were not so bright a blue. Their regard never had robbed one of breath nor had made suffocation's prospect delightful.

SHE watched him, with neither suspicion nor avarice, but friendly interest, and her eyelids crinkled with the faint foreshadow of a smile. He glanced at the man beside her and liked him still less. Something tremendous and dazzling had happened to Eddie. He had no time to examine its unsettling splendor. There was new strength in his voice, new sureness in his fingers as he spun the pellet and picked up the shells. The ruddy intruder shouldered through the little crowd.

"That's right," Eddie sang, lifted by obscure defiance. "The closer you come the more you'll see—maybe. And here she comes and there she goes."

He set the shells down and withdrew his hands. Faint rancor spiced his chant. "And where the pill may be, who knows? Simple skill, folks. Nothing more. Who'll be the sharpshooter? Maybe this near-sighted gentleman?"

It was joy to fling even a question into that sullen face. Someone tittered. The sound heartened Eddie and made him immune to the slit-eyed regard of the stranger who smoothed a bill flat on the table top.

"Dollar bet?" Marvin asked, looking at it.

The other shook his head with bull-like force.

"The five—all of it."

Eddie moistened his lips.

"Brother, this is a mild game. Just for fun."

"Just for fun," the man grinned. "Crawling, eh?"

"Buck," the girl begged. He did not heed, but stood waiting with an ominous air. Eddie drew breath. He said, "Pick your bet for five."

Buck's thick fingers lifted a shell. The table was blank beneath it. Marvin picked up the five-dollar bill. Buck told him at last, "Accidents will happen," and managed to make that sound insulting.

"Isn't it the truth?" Eddie asked. Glee unsettled him. The girl had come forward. She was even lovelier than he had thought. She stood beside the glowering Buck, and Marvin felt that she strove to avert something. She whispered urgently in the man's ear. He shook his head and muttered reply from a mouth corner. Their intimacy throttled Eddie's elation. It wasn't right that Buck or any man should oppose her. The thought startled him. He must watch himself.

He resumed his chant. The shells rattled. Buck said sharply, "Hold it."

Again the girl whispered. Her escort told her, "Wait and you'll see."

His green eyes were malicious. He asked Eddie, "What's the limit?"

Marvin sensed impending trouble. Wisdom urged him to be careful. The girl was looking imploringly at Buck. Eddie forced a smile. He answered, "Isn't five plenty, brother? We're here for fun, sport and amusement, not to hurt anyone. I—"

"What I thought," Buck told the girl. "A heel."

It would have been pleasant to drive those even, yellow teeth inward. It would be sweet to humble this lout before the girl whose only visible defect was the company she kept. Two shells in Eddie's hands beat a crazy rhythm. With awed admiration, he heard himself say, "We aim to please. Shoot the works, mister."

"Fifty," said Buck and tossed a wad of bills on the table with studied carelessness.

Silence welled and spread. Eddie heard the girl draw breath. A tom-tom in the Nautch pavilion thumped in time with his own heart.

"Your grief," he told Buck. "Make it fifty."

He was in for it now. His hands lent the walnut halves the look of independent life. They clacked and leap-frogged, settled and shifted again. Marvin, all at once, was immune to dread. A slip, a lucky guess would brand him cheat and welsher. He had less than fifteen dollars to meet a bet of fifty. This did not worry him as it should. He had his chance for reprisal. He would overthrow his opponent while the girl looked on. Once men had cased themselves in armor and had ridden at each other for a no better purpose.

The shells rattled, were still. Eddie withdrew his hands.

"Well?" he asked Buck, but he looked at the girl. She stood with fingertips pressed against her mouth. Her escort said, "The middle one."

"The middle one," Eddie repeated and reached for it. The other snarled, "Get away."

Marvin halted. Buck's green eyes brooded on the shells. He spoke to the girl, but loudly, so that he included the whole, still group.

"I'm no sap. I've led this lug along. With a big bet on the table he wouldn't dare play fair. They're all alike, these shell-game crooks. They palm the pea when the going gets tough. I've been around."

Eddie met the girl's unhappy eyes. He smiled. Buck saw him and clapped a hand over the middle shell. A murmur rose from the staring folk about him.

"I've been around," he repeated. "You've all been gypped. I'll show you. Fifty says the pea is under this shell."

The voice scored like sandpaper, predicting disaster so clearly that for an instant Eddie thought of flight. He was in a jam. A wise man would run.

But he didn't run. He glanced again at the girl and cleared his throat. He said, "Why not—"

"Why not," Buck jeered, "pick up the shell? That's a joke. Listen. The pea is under one of 'em, eh?"

"Obviously."

"Obviously, eh? A dollar word. It isn't in your palm or your pocket? It's under a shell? All right, I've picked the middle one. If it isn't under either of the others, the pea must be under my choice—and you pay me fifty. We'll hold the middle one down and lift the other shells. Any objections?"

HE waited, vainly, for Eddie to answer and then went on with heavy malice.

"That's settled, then. Mary, I'll keep the pea from crawling away. You pick up the other shells."

The girl breathed loudly. She did not stir. Marvin bade her, "Go ahead. Pick 'em up."

"Mind your business," Buck growled.

"It sort of is my business," Eddie answered mildly. Her hand crept forward. It lifted one flanking shell.

"Nothing under that," Buck gloated. "Now, the other."

She raised it, and revealed the pea.

The tom-tom pounded. The merry-go-round organ wheezed. For an instant before the table no one stirred or spoke. The girl's eyes moved from the shell in her hand to Marvin, who drew the roll of bills toward him.

"Accidents," he told her gravely, "will happen."

Buck's eyes shone, cold and bright as the badge displayed by the turned-back lapel.

"It's a pinch," he said.

The crowd about him uttered hollow sound. The girl laid a hand on his arm. He went on, with relish, "Gambling's a crime and I'm a deputy. That fifty won't begin to pay your fine."

"Okay, brother," Eddie answered, and overthrew the table. Its edge smote the other's chin as he lunged. Eddie turned and ran. A bleat of pain, following him into the gloom, was a cheering sound. He dodged through a canvas-walled alley, circled a parked van, paused and then stepped, a calm, shabby figure, into the brawl and glare of the carnival. Outwardly idle, inwardly vigilant, he let a slow current of the noisy,



The slight, soft body was close to his. The room turned topsy-turvy and glory hung about the kitchen lights.

varicolored human tide bear him toward the gate. He felt hollow inside. Strain had emptied him and the dreary vacancy harbored neither relief nor fear. He did not even heed the implicit promise of the cash that bulged a trousers pocket. He thought that by this time on the morrow he would be in New York and wondered why he felt no triumph.

As he neared the gate he watched the folk about him more carefully and found himself matching their shiny, vacant faces against memory of clear eyes and a gallantly poised head and small fingers tightly pressed upon a brilliant mouth. He wished that instead of get-away money he had her name, and wondered how he could feel like this when she had not said a single word to him.

Above the crowd loomed the gable of the ticket booth. He edged toward it. Freedom and immunity and the future's bright promise waited a little way ahead. He went on with queer reluctance.

A hand dropped on his shoulder and clung there, turning him. Kalmus' beaked face peered into his.

"Where ya goin', Eddie?" the carnival's proprietor asked. He raised his voice. "Hi, MacPherson. This the guy?"

Despair's cold tingling ran through Marvin. A familiar figure rounded the ticket booth and rushed forward.

"It's him," MacPherson bawled. Eddie saw how people turned to stare. He wondered if she were among them. Kalmus was shaking him too violently for clear sight. The carnival's proprietor wheezed like a fat, irate buzzard, "Goniff! Crook! Out of the gutter I pick you and give you a job and—"

Somewhere, close at hand, she might be watching this final abasement.

"Take your job," Marvin said and drove his fist against the hooked nose. His captor howled and let go. Eddie ran.

He and MacPherson reached the gate together. Buck thrust forward a leg to trip the fugitive. Eddie went headlong in a cloud of dust and gravel, rolled over and, scrambling up, caught a blurred glimpse of the raging deputy, who hopped about clapping an injured shin. Kalmus, red-beaked and raving, charged. Eddie bolted through the gate.

Each step hurt a twisted ankle more. Behind, other voices elaborated Kalmus' squall, Buck's bellow. A road ran palely through the gloom and dark automobiles were parked at its curb. He squeezed between two and hobbled on with a barrier of cars between him and pursuers who came with outcry and trampling through the gate.

Eddie stumbled and gasped at fresh outrage to his ankle. He ran, stumbled again and reeled against a car. The door handle that he clutched to keep from falling turned in his grasp. The hooting pursuit drew near. The door had opened upon blackness and quiet. Eddie crawled in upon the rear floor and softly drew the portal shut behind him.

His ankle ached. Breath scored his tired lungs as though the air were sanded. He cowered like a holed fox and heard the hunt sweep by. Far down the road it checked. Shouting broke up into shrill debate. Men trampled back, gabbling, past his refuge. Eddie lay in exhaustion's apathy. Whatever happened now, he was too spent to evade or resist. The car's curbside door clicked and opened. He shut his eyes and waited.

He felt the floor quake as someone entered and settled in the driver's seat. The starter churned. Above the quickening sound of the engine, Buck's voice spoke, shockingly near.

"Say, listen. Just drive me down to the station and—"

"I won't," another voice broke in and turned Marvin's heart over. "I won't do any such thing. I'm just the least bit tired of you, Buck. You threw away fifty dollars and half of it was mine. (Continued on page 48)



THE FATE OF YOUR

YOU can't laugh off hair. It's too important. You can't laugh the lack of it off, either. You have it or you don't. At twenty, yes. At sixty, maybe no. At forty, maybe half-no.

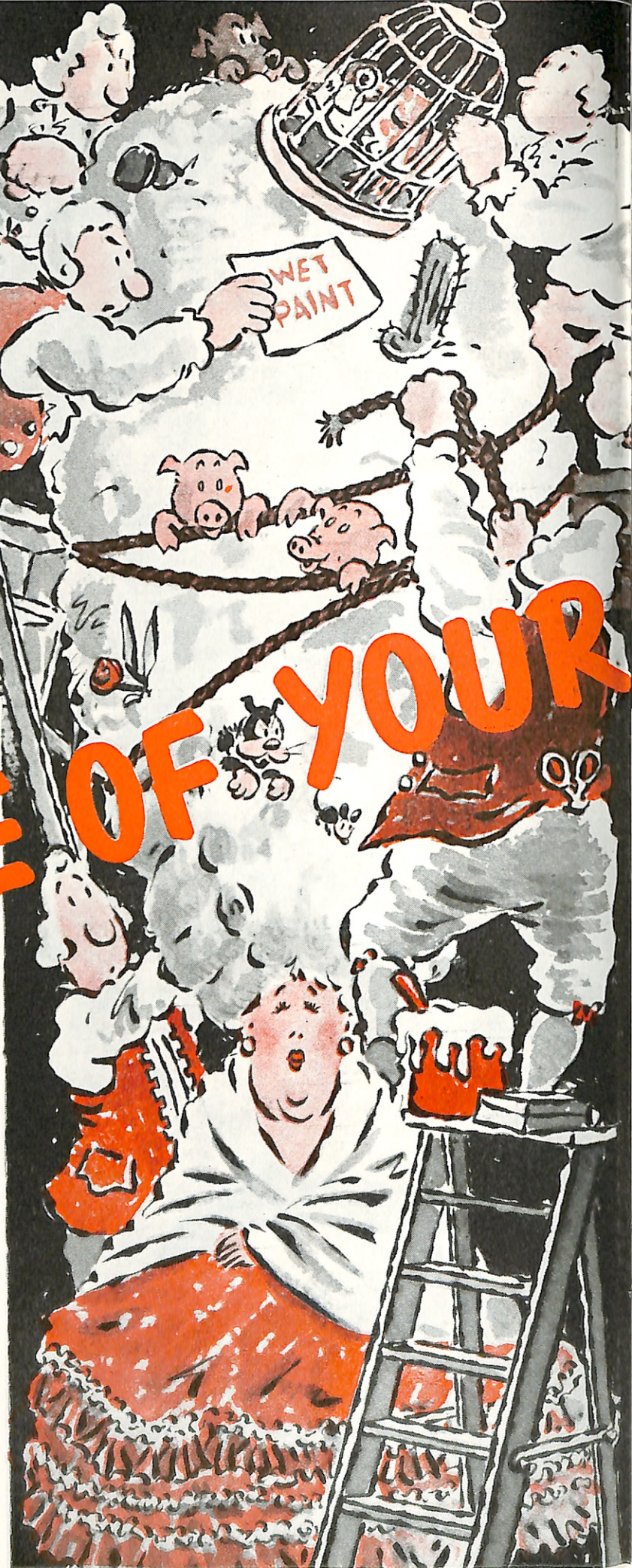
Hunger and desire are the two greatest forces in human life. Food, to preserve life; sex, to perpetuate it. Food, or man dies. Mating, or the race dies with him.

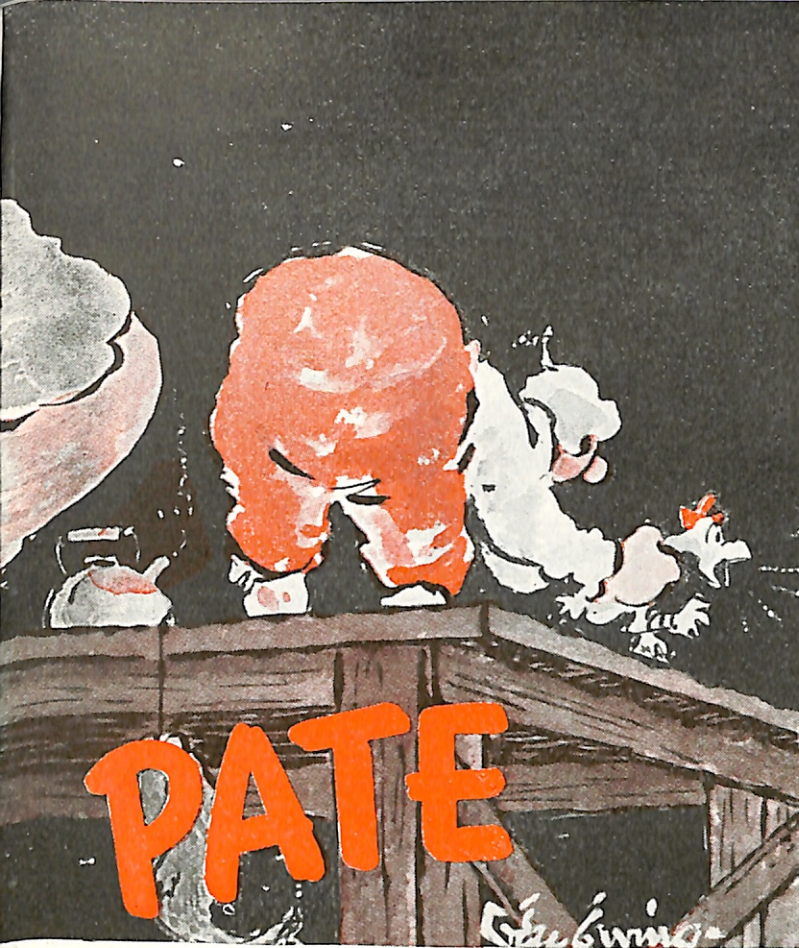
Because they are attractive to the opposite sex, because they are an almost essential weapon in the battle of the sexes, scalp decorations are not to be sneezed at. Think how a man shudders if a maiden casually removes a wig and reveals scanty locks. It's the same way with the ladies. They just don't fall for toupees.

Viewed in this light, the amazing hair-fashions of passing centuries are easier to understand. They bring man's half-acknowledged—and woman's openly acknowledged—desire for good looks, for style and attractiveness, out into the open. Even a passing gander at the array finds us feeling of our own feathers, wondering just what it's best to do about that thinning-out on top.

We associate the idea of abundant hair with genius. Also it marks the conqueror. Often, after a successful war, beards grow wild. England ran to beards after putting down the Indian Mutiny. Pioneers, proud and confident after their struggles with the wilderness, peer out through tangled whiskers. Look at the beards that marked officers at the close of our own Civil War!

At times, the regard for hair has risen to heights that now seem weird. During the early centuries in France, after the power of Rome had waned, long hair and beards meant nobility. Blue-blooded princes shuddered





by Myron M. Stearns

Even a healthy scalp drops 30 to 100 hairs a day. The big trick, says Mr. Stearns, is to keep the new ones coming. Boy! if we only could.

Illustrated by JAY IRVING

at the thought of a razor, and the king was the hairiest gorilla of them all. The highest compliment he could pay was to give you a single hair from his head, or allow you to touch his beard. Men swore by their locks as they swear on their honor now.

During periods when hair wasn't especially honored, it was colored like a sunset to get more attention. The Gauls dyed their beards red, securing a brilliant effect with an artistic mixture of beech cinders and goat's fat. Anglo-Saxons went in for blues and greens, as well as orange and red. Pliny gives the recipe for a fine black dye: you allowed leeches and vinegar to ferment for sixty days in a lead pot and then put the mixture on your hair in full sunshine. In order to prevent some unfortunate slip turning your teeth black, you were instructed to hold oil in your mouth while you were dyeing your hair. Egyptians used to gild their hair. King Solomon, in a grand entry, was preceded by forty pages whose hair was powdered with gold dust.

Alexander the Great ordered his Macedonians to cut their beards off entirely, after he found that at close quarters the enemy was taking a mean advantage by grabbing fistfuls of whiskers, and yanking them. It was demoralizing.

Primitive razors of bronze and obsidian have been unearthed by archaeologists. Shaving was originally a badge of servitude. To cut a man's hair off was to degrade him. Debtors unable to pay their debts declared themselves slaves of their creditors by presenting them with a pair of shears, or a good, open-faced razor. The

Any sort of effect the ingenious hairdresser could devise, often working on a stepladder, was all right with the ladies.

tonsure of priests was a sign they were the Serfs of Heaven.

Nowadays, of course, baldness is so common that we pretend to be proud of it. We call it alopecia. A well-polished scalp is supposed to mark intellectuality. "Grass doesn't grow on a busy street." The Bald Head Club of America is reported to have strong chapters in thirty-seven States. It numbered among its former members the late President Taft, William Jennings Bryan, Chauncey Depew and Nicholas Longworth. The present Democratic National Committee is proud of having a Chairman with a gleaming dome.

But secretly, the hairless ones try tonics. Cheers for thinning locks and graying temples deceive nobody. At wholesale prices some \$10,000,000-worth of patent hair-restorers change hands annually, while it is estimated that each year the total expenditures for their treatments, massage, tonics, singeing and other efforts to beautify the scalp come to about \$250,000,000. Most of the scalp cures and patent hair-restorers are called by skin doctors (who have their own scissors to grind, as far as that goes) absolutely valueless. Some are positively harmful. The blind desire for bigger and better crops of hair makes men credulous. In 1931 one particularly popular scalp-rub (that has since been put out of existence) contained arsenic, alcohol and salicylates in a combination that was quite definitely dangerous to health.

The barber shop is, of course, the customary place for the drops and rubs and hair-twistings to be applied. Like the poolroom and the cross-roads grocery store, it is headquarters for local news, discussion and gossip. Ever since man began to crowd into towns and cities, big or little, the barber has been an important citizen. Barbers were the first surgeons. One of the first volumes to come from newly-invented printing presses in 1480 was a book of verses by the Florentine barber, Burchiello, whose shop was a meeting place for leading wits of Florence.

IN 1935 a Brooklyn clerk sued his barber for \$1,000 damages, because he made him laugh so hard he grabbed the razor and split his palm. The judge threw the case out of court. Barbers, he said, were like that. They had to keep their customers in good humor.

The chief avenue of escape from baldness has been wigs. Even today the smug toupee attempts to conceal the naked truth beneath. Because they're made of real hair, they're expensive. A wig of good quality costs from \$50 to \$125. So great has been the demand for wigs, decade after decade—as well as for extra strands of female hair to weave into various modes of ladies' hair-do—that human hair has for centuries commanded good prices in the open market. In Queen Elizabeth's day the demand for false hair became so great that it was unsafe for children to go about alone; they were likely to be kidnaped and possibly murdered for their hair.

French peasant girls in some provinces still "crop" their hair regularly, taking in very respectable pocket-money. Paris wholesalers handle many tons of hair a year, from Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Russia. Buyers go through Brittany and Auvergne attending county fairs, ready to bid in exceptionally good mops. An unusually fine growth sometimes brings as much as \$20.

Today the cheapest false hair comes from China. Being very coarse, it is reduced to proper size for occidental markets by treatment with acids. It brings around 20 cents an ounce. "Church hair", from convents, of much better grade, brings more. Prices to a great extent depend on length. Standard twelve-inch blond hair is worth well toward 40 cents an ounce. Sixteen inches, and it's up to 60 cents. Eighteen to twenty inches, 80 cents. Fine golden hair, more than three feet long, four or five dollars. The most valuable hair of all is pure white: if it's standard length and fine quality,



Because they are attractive to the opposite sex, and are an essential weapon in the battle of the sexes, scalp decorations are not to be sneezed at

it commands up to six dollars an ounce, or even more.

This continuing demand for human hair, you may remember, gave the now notorious Musica family—F. Donald Coster et al—its first leg-up in the swindling game. A shipment of hair from Europe to America was supposedly so valuable that the astute Philip Musica induced bankers on each side of the ocean to advance more than a million dollars on it.

Hair-dressers have run a race with pastry cooks in the invention of new shapes and the disguise of ingredients. So definite have been the style changes that the "mark of the age" in paintings, which shows what period of history is being mirrored, depends largely on the hair-do and beard-trim. In England under Henry IV, "fan-tail" beards were all the rage: about three inches long, colored and stiffened with scented wax. To keep a well-starched beard from cracking or getting mussed up at night, you slept with it tied in a padded bag around your chin.

In Florence during Burchiello's time, the "Zazzera" was all the rage: a sort of shoulder-length bob, but frizzled all over; the face looked out like a full moon from the clouds of shredded wheat. A thousand years earlier the Franks tied their long hair together above the forehead, with the ends flowing down like a horse's tail. The Normans, still top-knotted like their ancestors, succumbed to a flowing-ringlet style of the Anglo-Saxons after the Conquest. For nearly 200 years after that, long curls were quite the thing for heroes, reaching to the shoulders and twisted away from the face. Dashing young blades sometimes rolled their hair around their heads and bound it with jeweled circlets. "Love-locks", introduced by James I, featured one curl longer than the rest on the left side of the head.

Not infrequently these styles had an abrupt beginning and end. King Francis I of France, proud scion of a long-haired house, went snow-balling with the boys one night, all in a spirit of good, clean fun. He snow-balled the home of Count Montgomery and the Count couldn't take it. He heaved a torch through the window and caught Francis in the neck. It gave him a beautiful singe. Result: the King cut his hair short, his courtiers followed suit and in came a brand-new hair style.

Looking through the records of these styles (women were even worse than men), one is struck by the recurring swings. Simple styles one century, succeeded by amazing extravagances the next; then a reaction, and simplicity comes back.

The 18th Century swing, from about 1700 to the French Revolution, is a good example. The century started off easily and simply, like a distance runner saving his wind. A lot of hair was cut short, although there were a few flurries of powder. The coarse flour

of the day was used for this simple beautification and powdering the hair was called "mealing the head". A French commentator observed that the English were "charged with powder like millers."

Then a German iron-master, named John Schnoor, about 1715, began making fine white powder from a kind of white earth. Hair-powdering jumped ahead. Various colors were tried out; the English statesman, C. J. Fox, used blue. Wigs grew bigger and more powdery by the decade. A small room was built into every well-to-do home, opening off the entrance hall. This was called the "powdering chamber". Visitors, stepping from their sedan chairs, made straight for the powdering chamber to retouch their wigs before presenting themselves.

The preferred ladies of three reigning Louis of France—XIV, XV and XVI—came into the picture with successive crests of hair-style fantasy. The Fontange, named after the Duchesse de Fontanges who invented it (she tied her hair over her head with a garter on a horse-ride), was really spectacular. It towered often two, or even three feet above the aching head. It was succeeded by the still more fantastic Commode, which caused one visiting English duchess to exclaim in ridicule, "What manner of people are these strange ladies with their faces half way up their bodies?"

Madame de Pompadour brought forth the style that still bears her name—doing her hair a hundred ways to amuse her Louis XV—and Marie Antoinette carried on nobly in turn. A landscape, a formal garden, a tall bird, any sort of effect the ingenious hair-dresser, often working on a step-ladder, could devise was worked out with wool, tow pads and wire, over which was drawn the natural (or false) hair. On top of the whole works came the trimmings: gauze, ribbon, feathers, artificial flowers, ropes of pearls, even blown-glass models of battleships, or sows, or coaches-and-fours. The whole business, powdered and glittering, weighed pounds.

It took hours to build these elaborate coiffeurs. Once completed, they were preserved for months. Ninety days in winter and sixty in summer was about as long as a lady could go before, because of the itching, the whole works had to be "opened and repaired". Each night the entire erection had to be greased, supported with wooden rollers and put in a bag. Many receipts for killing mites and deodorizing heads were published. Elegant scratchers of ivory and metal were in great demand.

Then—crash! The Revolution, in France, brought a quick end to the most elaborate hair styles the world has even known. In England a drastic tax on hair powder (expected to bring in more than a million dollars a year) accomplished the same thing. The Marquis of Angelsea, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Jersey, Lord William Russell, and a few kindred blue-bloods met in solemn conclave at Woburn Abbey; they cut off their queues and pig-tails and renounced powder.



Today we seemed to be about at the start of another hundred-year cycle. Bobs have been getting longer and longer. Our ladies' hair-do is climbing back on top of their heads. The wimple—a development of hair-net tied around the face, popular in the Middle Ages—is getting quite a bit of notice. Hats are turning into birds' nests, supported by a thicket of hair.

But in the meanwhile—before the turning cycle throws the gals into another spasm of fantastic hair-styles—we have our own trouble: baldness. What are we to do about it? Just pretend to be good eggs?

At least we can look into it. And, first of all, we have to understand a few things about how hair grows. Along with this we can pick up a little miscellaneous information that's really interesting.

Our blood has the power of secreting, from the food we eat, various ingredients of a substance called keratin. This is the stuff that hairs are made of. In the case of sheep and cattle, it forms horns. In birds, it makes feathers, and with turtles—smartest keratin-manufacturers of all—it produces shell. When it comes to turning out keratin, a turtle makes a fool out of a buzzard, or even a hairy ape.

Next, we have thousands of tiny, hair-holding sockets, like fancy little flower-pots, with elastic sides, extending part-way down through the scalp. They are called follicles. At the bottom of each follicle is a microscopic pimple called a papilla, which is a sort of hair-valve. It accepts keratin ingredients from the blood stream and passes them on to a hair-root—but allows no blood to pass through. Because of this neat arrangement, even when a hair is rudely pulled out, no blood gets into the follicle or oozes out through the skin.

The hair-root itself is bulb-shaped, and sits on the papilla like a little onion trying to hatch out a door-knob. Accepting keratin ingredients from the papilla, the hair-root (or bulb) turns them into hair after the manner of an onion growing a stalk.

Now we come to the product of all this machinery (hair-valve or papilla, hair-holding socket or follicle, and root or bulb), the hair itself.

Each hair is pointed, and pushes its way up through the follicle and out into the sunlight. The shaft has a smaller diameter than the root. That's important.

Each hair has three layers that you can compare to the bark, the wood and the heart of a tree. The outer protective layer is composed of transparent scales that are almost indestructible. It often outlasts everything else in the body, remaining in tombs after all vestiges of skin and bones have crumbled away. Inside this covering are cells containing spots of pigment that give hair its color. At the middle of the shaft, two separate rows of elongated cells form a sort of central canal or marrow.

For all practical purposes, hairs are as dead as door-nails—or horns. It does no more good to singe your hair than it does to singe the end of a cow's horn.

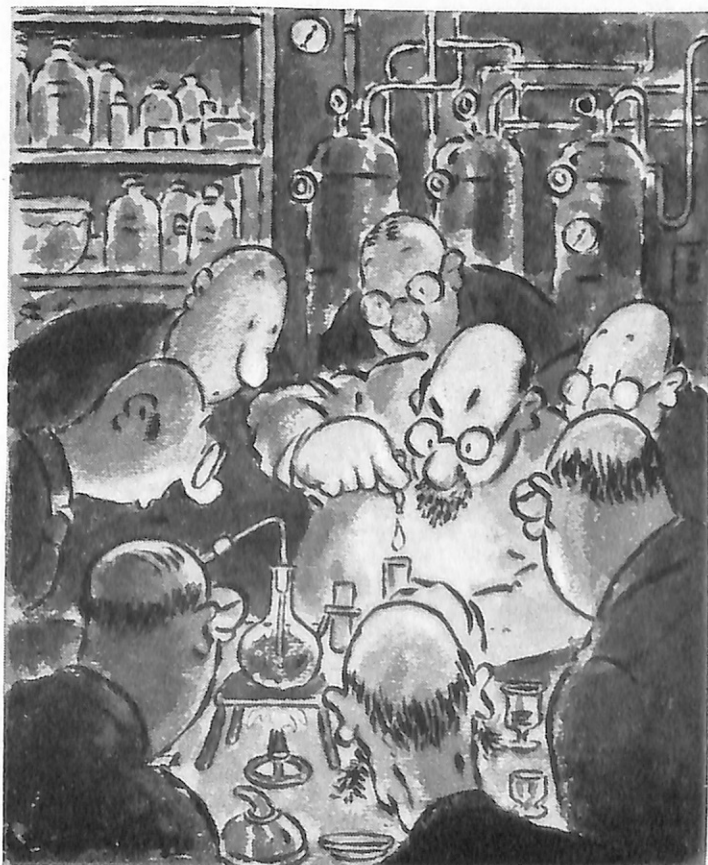
If the follicle is straight, the hair-shaft that comes from it is straight, as with Indians and Chinese. If the follicles are twisty, the hair is kinky, as with Negroes. In between these two comes hair that is curly or wavy. You can't make it curly or wavy, except temporarily, by brushing. Color, straightness or waviness, stiffness or flexibility and fineness or coarseness, all result through the complicated laws of heredity. You're just naturally born with that kind of hair.

Near the bottom of each hair-follicle there is an erector muscle that can make your hair stand on end if you're scared. Dogs use these erector muscles very nicely around the neck, when they get ready to fight.

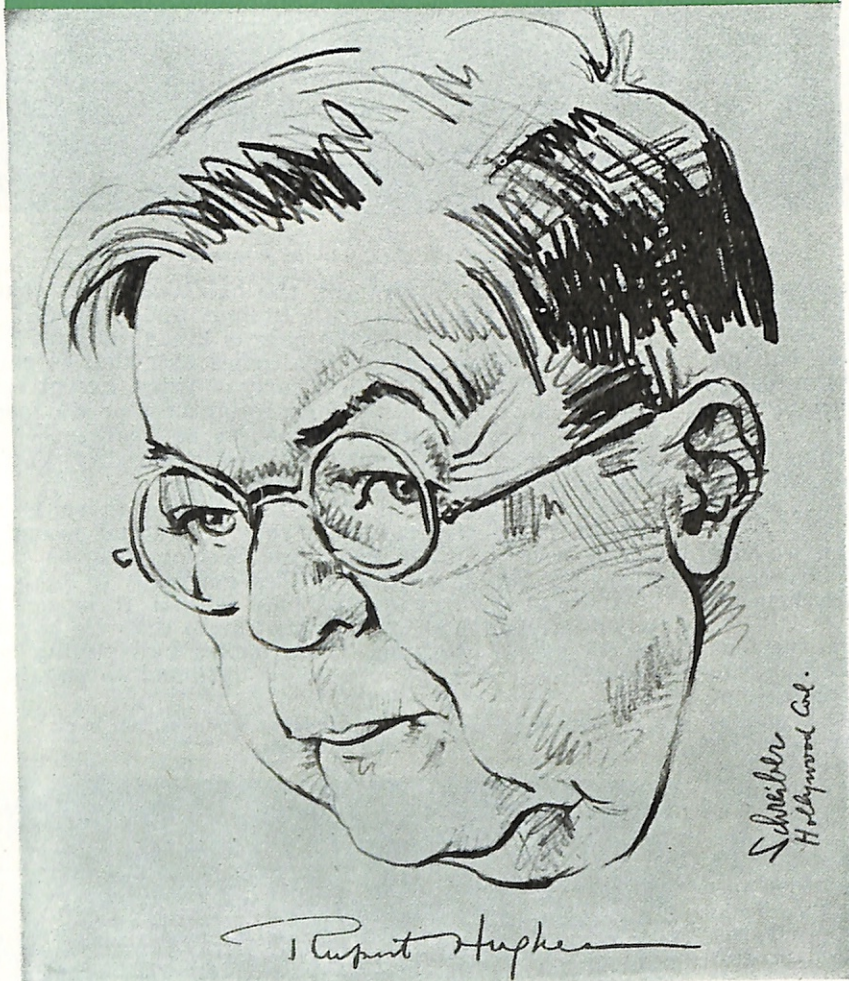
A little-known quality of hair is that it is elastic. It will stretch to about one-third more than its normal length before breaking. This makes hair-pulling less harmful.

(Continued on page 45)

No one knows yet what causes baldness, not even the scientists.



WHAT AMERICA IS Reading



by **Harry Hansen**

IT HAS always been my belief that when a novel is excellently written, it does not matter how long it is. The reader does not yawn over a good story, but only over a dull one. And although I hear people say that they prefer less bulk because it is easier to carry, I have never heard anyone refusing to read a good book merely because it had 1,000 pages instead of 250.

There is another argument for the long novel. Take "The Thibaults", by Roger Martin du Gard, that fine study of the relations of two brothers and their father, a work that won the Nobel prize for its author. Here are practically five books, in 870 pages. The story carries the life history of Antoine and Jacques Thibault from boyhood to manhood, through the impression-

istic school years, the growth of passion, the development of their reasoning powers. They are introspective; they are greatly concerned with their feelings and with life; Antoine becomes a child specialist; Jacques, a sensitive and rebellious son, is a writer. The father is a pious Catholic, a man of virtues and faults. To describe in detail the history of this family, to make it live before our eyes, requires many pages of text. One result is our intimate acquaintance with these three men and their friends, I might even say our intense concern with their fortunes. Each episode illuminates the characters of the Thibaults. A story brilliantly written needs a canvas such as Galsworthy used. There is not a word too much. (Viking Press, \$3)

Rupert Hughes' "Stately Timber", recreates colonial New England, Barbados, Cavalier Virginia, and England at the time of the "Merry Monarch". (Scribners.)

Next, a romantic tale. When a young man decides that he'd rather go wandering over the face of the earth looking for a restless father, and leaves behind a girl who loves him, we are bound to get some unusual experiences. "Wine of Good Hope", by David Rame provides them. First, there's the novel setting: a famous farm in the Cape Town country; then there are romantic episodes before Tony Le-maire pulls up stakes; after that we follow his adventurous career, in which he works for revolution in Brazil and searches for his father in the South Seas; even New York and Maine call him. Richard Harding Davis made lively tales out of South America; David Rame finds a new occupation there for Tony. Fine, satisfying, romantic adventure. (Macmillan, \$2.50)

"Ordeal", by Nevile Shute, which I mentioned recently, is going to be done by the movies. "The Patriot", by Pearl S. Buck and "The Tree of Liberty", by Elizabeth Page, have been mentioned here, but should be kept in mind. "Guns of Burgoyne", by Bruce Lancaster is a historical novel about the fight of the American farmers against the redcoats. "Bitter Creek", by James Boyd (author of "Drums") deals with the experiences of a lad who goes into South Dakota in the days of General Grant, and suffers the vicissitudes of frontier cattle country. A romantic story, well written, without idealized cowboys. (Scribner, \$2.50) What startles me is that so few writers have any humor. "Table for Four", by Jack Iams is light and amusing—the story of a hard-working newspaperman, who gets a job in Paris and toils away while his wife and (Continued on page 52)



The author of "North of the Danube", and the famous photographer who supplied the photographs, Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White—now Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell. (The Viking Press)



H. Armstrong Roberts

Your DOG

by Captain Will Judy
Editor, Dog World Magazine

Is Your Dog Here?

EVERY so often a reader will ask, "What is the best breed for me to buy?" Although commendable for the forethought that prompts it, the question is so broad that only a reply equally broad will answer and that is, buy the breed you like best, taking into consideration the intended use of the dog, whether wanted as pet, guardian or field worker.

As for a best breed—there is none. If there were, no professional breeder with an ounce of business sense would breed any other; no dog buyer would be satisfied with anything less.

Frequently the same reader may express some interest in a breed, qualified by a few hearsays as to certain defects of breed character. It's usually a thankless task to attempt to scotch a popular misconception, particularly the wrong-headed belief held by some otherwise intelligent people that certain breeds are vicious or stupid, a presumption on a par with the acceptance of such specious notions as the family feline having nine lives, or a broken mirror beginning a seven-year jinx.

In every breed are found nobles

and knaves, intelligence and stupidity. Dogs display the same wide differences of character and personality that you'll find in people. True, some dogs are more reserved and quicker to resent intrusion on what they believe to be their rights. But you wouldn't call a man like that vicious. As for intelligence, certainly there are dull dogs, but not dull breeds.

Prospective dog owners are not alone in wanting to know something about standard breeds, their traits and backgrounds; many who inquire already own dogs and, prompted by a sincere interest in them, ask the same questions. For these reasons, this and articles which will follow, are aimed to answer them.

The American Kennel Club recognizes 107 breeds of pure-bred dogs and divides them into six groups, i.e., Sporting Dogs—Working Dogs—Hounds—Terriers—Toys—Non-Sporting Dogs. This month we'll review the first group, the Sporting Dogs.

COCKER SPANIEL—The most popular member of this group. Developed in England and the name derived from use on woodcock. An amiable, cheerful, gentle companion,

ideal with children. He is house size, car size. His colors are black, red, buff or liver, or parti-colors. He should have long, silky ears; large, round eyes; rugged bone, and profuse coat on forelegs and abdomen. Adult weight, 18 to 24 pounds. **ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL**—A blend of Spaniels with a seasoning of Setter, trained to spring at his quarry. An excellent retriever on land or water. His colors are either black, white or tan and parti-colors other than lemon and white or red and white, and he weighs from 42 to 50 pounds. He is long-headed, with a square muzzle, short body, straight forelegs, flat coat, not profusely feathered like the Cocker. He makes a good all-round dog for field or home. **IRISH WATER SPANIEL**—Erin's water dog. A strong swimmer and fine water retriever, said to originate by a cross of Irish Setter with the Poodle. A droll, winsome, spirited animal with the Poodle's curly coat and quaint top-knot. He stands 22 inches to 23 inches high at the shoulder. (Dogs are always measured for height from bottom of front foot to top of shoulder.) His eyes are dark, he has a short whip tail and a very dense, tight coat, dark liver-colored. Any white is a fault.

Other Spaniels lesser known, differing from those described here largely in coat or color but possessing the Spaniel heritage of gentleness, hunting instinct and companionableness, are the heavy, powerful **CLUMBER**, the hardy **WELSH SPRINGER**, the French **BRITTANY**, the rare **SUSSEX** and the handsome **FIELD SPANIEL**.

(Continued on page 53)

Trail's End

by Jim Kjelgaard

The Bradley blood was wild as a mountain torrent but Old Lum Williams did what he could for the last and best of the clan.

Illustrated by JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS

DURING the first thirty years that Lum Williams had been constable of Wabatasa County, one out of four men he had jailed was a Bradley. Bradley blood was wild as a mountain torrent, and as impatient of confinement. The last of the Bradleys had taken his rifle and his hounds, and, twenty years before, set out in search of a freer country; even so, Lum would have sworn that the kid who now stood in the dusty road was of that clan.

Lum leaned over the fence and studied him. There wasn't much doubt about it—Lum had seen too many Bradleys. The kid was not more than twenty, slim, with long black hair that ran to the back of his head. But it was his eyes that caught and held Lum's attention. They were bright and seldom still, wild, a Bradley eye. He was a bad kid to have around and a good one to watch. But he was hungry, and had been for some time.

"Come in and eat," Lum said.

The kid's poise was a mixture between that of a frightened deer and a cornered wolverine. Jude, Lum's oldest hound, ambled over and sat down by his knee.

The kid's gaze found the lanky hound. Jude resembled nothing so much as an emaciated alligator, but only those who didn't know Jude ridiculed her. She was the best cold trailer in a region noted for hounds that could follow a cold trail. As though Lum was non-existent, the kid walked through the gate, knelt beside Jude, and with one hand on each of the dog's jaws opened her mouth to look at her teeth.

Lum prodded him in the calf of the leg. "I said I can vittle you," he bellowed. "Can you hear me?"

The kid arose, but did not take his eyes from the dog. "Yes," he answered shyly. "Thanks. But I'm not hungry."

"Don't be a dumb fool," Lum growled. "Come in."

Lum went into his house. He knew the kid would follow; you could hang your hat on his breast-bone. He was a good-looking kid, but he hadn't much sense in a way. Wabatasa County was no place for a kid. He should have gone wherever it was that all the young fellows who wanted to get ahead went.

Lum sliced boiled potatoes into a skillet, then salted

two bass he had caught that morning. He measured two cups of coffee into the pot, and increased it to four. Bashfully, the kid took the place indicated. Lum busied himself whittling on a soft pine stick. When he looked up, the two bass, the potatoes and the four cups of coffee had disappeared, and the kid himself was looking somewhat more like a human being.

"What kind of hound is that?" the kid asked suddenly.

"Wabatasa hound," Lum rumbled. "Ain't but one more of her breed, an' that's her pup, Smokey. He'll be as good as Jude some day."

"You got the pup, too?" the kid inquired eagerly.

Lum opened the back door, and stepped into the backyard where the six months old Smokey fretted on the end of a twenty-foot chain. Smokey was young, and, like all youngsters, inclined to roam. His hide was tawny grey, and he looked at the two men with eyes that begged for a romp. Lum was silent. There was no use mentioning that within the past week he had refused a thousand dollars for the pup.

"What a hound!" the kid whispered ecstatically.

"What a hound!"

A week later Lum knew that he had been right about the kid's ancestry. Three months after Hank Bradley had left Wabatasa, Lum had been one of those who had helped bury Edith Allen in the peaceful grove on Maple Hill. She'd been a high-strung, sensitive girl who never had been able to accustom herself to the direct ways of the Wabatasa back country, but whatever else Hank Bradley had been, he was a virile man and one not lacking in charm.

Edith's infant son had been given into the keeping of an orphanage two hundred miles down state. He was grown now, and had found his way back to Wabatasa. Lum shrugged, and accepted it as a natural thing. Birds and animals, left orphaned when scarcely able to fly or walk, frequently found their way back to the haunts of their parents. Why should not a human child do the same? Besides, in all Lum's experience, only Bradley men had the way with strange hounds that the kid had with Jude and Smokey. That alone marked the kid.

Jude worshipped him after a week. She would leave Lum's side any time for the kid's caresses. Smokey lavished enough affection on the kid to do for an entire kennel full of dogs, and the kid returned it in full measure. Lum suspected that Smokey would even sleep in the kid's bed if Lum would let him. Still, with all of that, the kid was a Bradley, and Bradley blood was wild.

Lum didn't know exactly why he had asked the kid to



stay. He told himself it was because there were no jobs to be had in Wabatasa, and the kid would surely run true to the ways of his ancestors when he became so desperate for just the necessities of living that nothing else mattered. He was too good a kid for jail bait, and if Lum was able to watch him he should be able to keep him straight.

Lum hadn't let the kid take Smokey out alone as yet. He himself still exercised the tawny pup and fed him. But there was an intangible yet powerful bond between the kid and Smokey that had existed from the first, and it grew in strength as time passed. The kid and Smokey would work together no matter who tried to prevent it. The kid was wild and Smokey was wild, but they would give each other the best they had.

The kid had been around two weeks when Lum's wood supply started running out. Lum made a mental note to go up Race Hollow that day and cut some, but ten minutes after the kid had finished washing the breakfast dishes, he entered the kitchen with an axe in his hand.

"Where y'goin?" Lum asked.

"Thought I'd get some wood," the kid replied.

The kid put his fingers to his mouth and his shrill whistle shattered the silence of the woods.

Lum glowed relievedly. Chopping wood was pretty much of a job after a man passed his seventieth birthday; but, at the same time, he knew a twinge of conscience. It wasn't just right to make the kid cut wood. He was doing all the work there was to be done now. Lum waited. Usually when the kid said he was going to do something he went ahead and did it, but now he was shifting uneasily from one foot to the other.

"You want something else?" Lum inquired.

"I thought—" the kid started shyly. "That is, I know it's a lot to ask. You gimme my grub and everything, and—"

Lum interrupted casually, "That Smokey pup ain't had a run in two days. Why don't you take him with you and give him a little whirl? It'll do him good."

"I will," the kid said gratefully. "I will."

That night, for the first time, Lum heard the kid singing as he started out of Race Hollow and swung toward the house. Smokey walked behind the kid

with its nose just far enough back of the kid's heels to keep from being hit. Lum watched them from the back porch. He sighed; without any legal change of ownership Smokey was the kid's dog now.

Three months went by and the Wabatasa hills were definitely in the grip of winter. Lum's official duties had not occupied him to an unusual extent; there had been three raids on chicken coops and one horse stolen. All the thieves had been successfully tracked down and incarcerated to await disposal by the proper authorities. Time hung heavy on Lum's hands, so he decided to join the kid on the trapline he had started.

Two months after he had come the kid had dug a few dozen of Lum's old traps from the attic, and set them out. He had taken Smokey with him on the line, and Lum had been faintly surprised, but he hadn't said anything. Ordinarily, it took at least three years to make a good trapping dog out of any hound. They were always blundering into fox traps or leaving dog scent around so the foxes wouldn't get into them. But the kid had brought in a fair share of fur for a place as civilized as the hills were now, so Smokey couldn't be too much in the way.

Jude followed sedately behind Lum and the kid when they started out over a fall of fresh snow. The irrepressible Smokey frisked happily ahead, and, when they were within a few hundred yards of the first trap, went baying off through the woods on a fresh fox track. Lum looked at the kid and frowned, but said nothing.

They came to where the first trap should have been. The sapling it had been staked to was chewed in two, the brush around it was ripped as though a hurricane had recently passed that way. There were some faint depressions in the snow. Lum read the signs and they spelled lynx—a big lynx, which had chewed free before or during the snowfall the night before.

He wouldn't go far with the trap on his paw. The chain would catch in the brush, and after his first fright had passed, the lynx would sit quietly. The kid looked questioningly at Lum. Without speaking, Lum summoned Jude.

If there was any scent left, a Wabatasa hound could pick it up. Jude thrust her nose to the ground, snuffled twice to clear it and got the scent. It was probably strong on the trees and bushes that the lynx had brushed in his frantic efforts to pull out of the trap, and finally she untangled the trail. She followed it a dozen steps in the direction the faint marks led, then lost it and returned to the chewed sapling for a new start. Again she started, and again returned. Lum patted her affectionately. You couldn't blame a dog for not being able to catch what elusive thread of scent might remain under three inches of fresh snow.

"Let's try Smokey," the kid suggested.

The tawny pup's throaty baying was growing faint in the distance. The kid put his fingers in his mouth and his shrill whistle shattered the silence of the woods. Lum stared doubtfully. In the first place, it was impossible to call a pup from a fresh track, and, in the second place, if Jude couldn't follow the lynx then no hound alive could.

Lum was mistaken on at least the first count. Five minutes after the kid had whistled, Smokey, his tongue rolling happily, appeared running through the trees. He swerved when he smelled the scent that had been left at the trap, circled ten feet around the place where the trap had been, and sat down on his haunches. The kid snapped his fingers, and Smokey came in.

The kid waved his hand. Smokey put his nose to the ground, snuffled to clear his nostrils, then, walking slowly but not faltering, he was away into the open forest. Lum and

the kid heard Smokey bay game in the creek bottom, and then came the high-pitched, soul-chilling scream that was Smokey's fighting snarl. The kid left Lum and surged ahead, but Lum got there fast enough to see what took place.

Smokey had overtaken and attacked the lynx. The lynx, mad with rage because of the trap, was tearing Smokey to ribbons with his ripping claws. The white snow was sprayed with blood, as though a brush full of red paint had been shaken there. Lum loosened the revolver at his belt when the kid grabbed Smokey by the tail, swung him out of the fight and stepped in to face the lynx. The kid had his trapping axe in an upraised hand. When Lum came up the lynx was dead, and blood was seeping through the kid's torn coat sleeve. Lum shuddered. The Bradley strain in the kid had done that.

In late February the foxes began shedding their heavy winter coats and donning the lighter ones that they would wear throughout the warm weather. The vixens were hunting dens suitable for raising a family. The kid pulled his traps.

Smokey, Lum decided, was, in this first year of his growth, a finer hunting machine than he had ever imagined a dog could be. He wasn't any specialist—most good dogs concern themselves exclusively with one kind of game such as foxes or cats—but was that rarest of all dogs, one that would hunt and remain steady on any kind of game the kid put him on. His adoration of the kid was all but a mania.

But now that spring was close upon Wabatasa, Lum

Jude, Lum's oldest hound, ambled over and sat down by his knee. Lum watched the kid.



worried a good deal about the kid. More, even, than the fall, the spring was a time of wildness and casting off of restraint. Geese, on their way to northern nesting grounds, honked over the house every hour of the night and day. The kid watched them hungrily, the wanderer's urge was on him, too.

Of one thing Lum was sure: Wabatasa didn't offer enough to hold the kid. A lot of Bradleys had gone to jail, but it was largely because they were too big to live in a place that wasn't up to their size, and Edith Allen had only pined and died in Wabatasa. The only wilderness left lay to the north, and if the kid went there he might amount to something in it some day. Lum himself would have gone if he had been twenty years younger. He tried to recapture the voices of those restless little beings within himself, that fifty years before had sent him wandering across deep wilderness in search of the pot of gold that surely lay beyond the next range. Nothing remained save the cold fact that there was still another horizon. Lum sighed and kept

still. The kid would get whatever Fate had in store for him.

Not that the kid wasn't happy in Wabatasa. The spring brought its own special pleasures and toils, and the kid sampled all of them with quiet gusto. Smokey hadn't been on the twenty-foot chain since autumn. There was no longer any danger of him straying farther than the kid roamed.

Lum silently watched and approved the fine bond that had grown between Smokey and the kid. They were both young and both wild, but each had strong points that the other lacked and each seemed able to partake of the other's strength. Lum didn't even mind when Smokey walked with the kid every night the two miles to the Wabatasa post office, though towns didn't do dogs any good.

Then one day in mid-May Smokey came home alone with his tail between his legs. He crawled to his kennel in the back yard, sought the remotest corner and lay down. For all his coaxing Lum couldn't bring him out again. Not even food could lure him.

He waited two hours, and the kid did not come, but after another hour old Charley Maginnis did. Charley came slowly, and shuffled up to the porch where Lum sat smoking his pipe. Even among friends the bringer of bad news seldom finds a welcome.

Charley filled his own pipe and for half an hour sat on the porch beside Lum. They stared into the gathering twilight, and at the memories that gathered with the gathering night. Charley and Lum had come together into Wabatasa when it was young and had need of young blood and what it could do. Lum was the first to speak.

"What kind of trouble is he in?"

"He's killed a man." Charley fumbled with his hand as the very old are apt to do at something that should have been beside him and was not there. "He's killed a man," he repeated.

Lum smoked out the remainder of his pipe. "Who was it?"

"Dud Sarneci," Charley muttered.

"Dud Sarneci," Lum said gently, "has been threatenin' to get hisself killed these past ten years—an' he needed it."

"I know, I know," Charley said glumly, "an' I thought as how you might want to get the straight of it from me before somebody else told you what might have happened. They's a dozen of Sarneci's friends will swear they saw the kid take the gun away from Dud an' shoot him when he was down. They telephoned the state police an' every road out of Wabatasa's blocked. The kid must of knew they would; he's took to the woods, an' I thought you might want to get the straight of it from me, seein' as you're the one will have to bring the kid back."

Nothing about Lum showed the blasting jolt he felt. "I'm listenin'," he said easily.

"The kid was comin' home with the Smokey pup," Charley narrated. "When they got in front of Sarneci's cabin Smokey run into the yard to sniff noses with that little pneumonia germ that passes for Sarneci's dog. Sarneci came out and h'isted Smokey a kick in the ribs. Smokey rared an' took Dud a good one in the leg, an' you know how big them jaws of his is. Sarneci went back into the house, come out with a pistol, an' shot at Smokey. The kid clumb the fence, an' clumb Sarneci's frame. The gun went off when they was wrasslin' for it an' Sarneci got shot. The kid give Smokey a slap, ordered him home, then lit out flyin'. That's the straight of it, Lum. But if you bring the kid back, he'll hang. All the trash in Wabatasa trail with Sarneci. You know they'll all swear against the kid."

(Continued on page 44)





Drawings by C. B. Falls

EDITORIAL

A World Benefactor

NON-CATHOLIC Elks join their Catholic brothers in mourning the death of Pope Pius XI. In our Order there are no denominational barriers to a union of religious sentiment in the worship of the Supreme Being. As John saw the Holy City it had twelve gates and "they were not shut all day and there was no night." All of these gates were equal, each being of one pearl. And who shall ascend to this city of the Lord our God? "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart."

John's vision is taken as figurative, but the twelve gates indicate that there are many entrances all leading to the same destination and that they are always open to everyone who comes with clean hands and a pure heart, regardless of religious affiliations.

We think it is not an overstatement to say that Pope Pius XI was the most highly respected and dearly beloved citizen of the world. He was indeed an extraordinary personality. Notwithstanding his weakened physical condition, he devoted his declining years to the cause of world peace. His words will not be forgotten and his influence will be felt in all nations not only now in these troublous times, but for many generations yet to come. His life was not lived alone for those of his faith, but for all peoples. The highest tributes have been paid to his life's work by men and women of all denominations. All were losers in his death. The Catholic Church especially will miss his guiding hand, but those of every religious faith will cherish the example of his life and the memory of his pronouncements and deeds for the betterment of mankind.

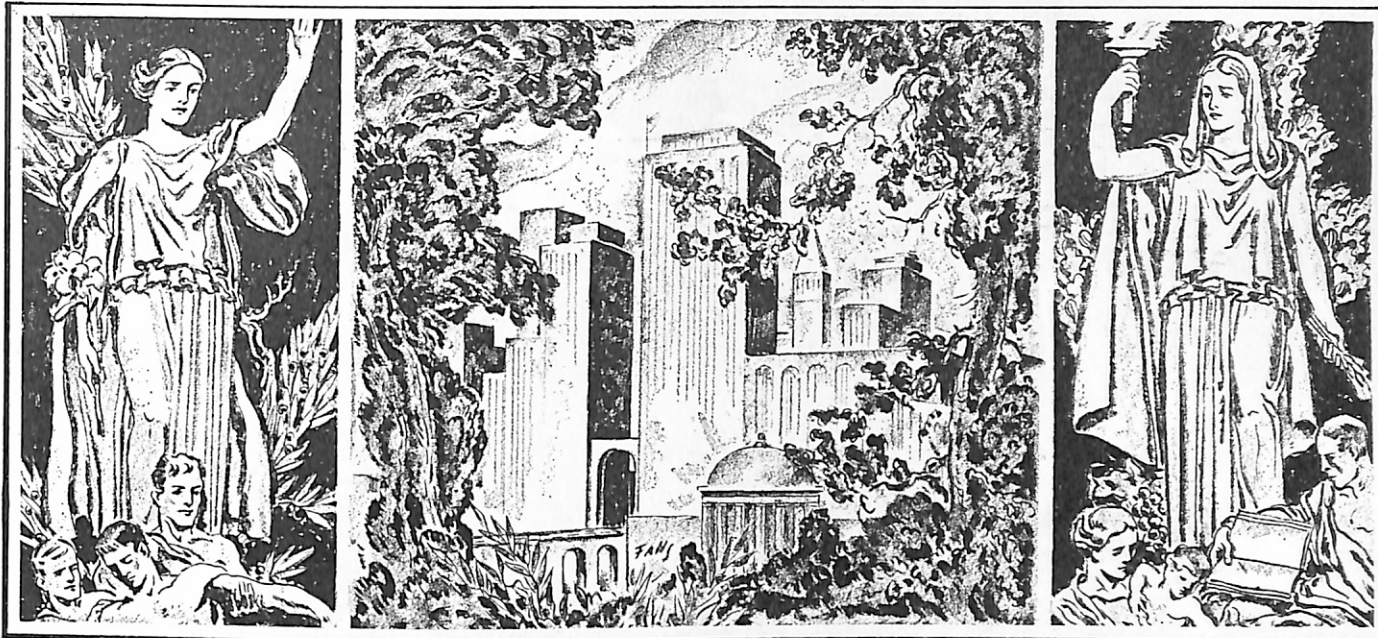
A Call to Action

THERE never has been a time in the history of our country when such a wide field of usefulness is open to patriotic organizations as the present. On all sides the atmosphere is surcharged with rumors which, if founded on fact, as some of them apparently are, menace the very existence of our form of government. The temptation to appraise them lightly must be resisted and in this the Order of Elks can and must render yeoman service. As surely as coming events cast their shadows before, just so surely do threatening events cast their shadows across the broad highway of our national prosperity, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is not our purpose to preach a gospel of fear that our beloved institutions are threatened with immediate overthrow. It might be better if the danger was more imminent, for then the patriotic sentiment of our country would be more easily aroused. Subversive influences work slowly and under cover. Gradually they are being uncovered and we should be vigilant and active that they may be effectively stopped before it is too late to cope with them by peaceful means. If we fail to recognize that the aim and purpose is to overthrow our form of government, we will face the necessity of arming against them with implements of war to put down with fire and sword the insurrection which is being stealthily planned.

Our Order stands four-square for Americanism as against all dangers which threaten it. At every lodge meeting Elks are schooled in patriotic devotion to the Stars and Stripes and all which our Flag typifies among the nations of the world. Our allegiance as pledged anew at every lodge meeting cannot be too often repeated nor can it be overemphasized.

Let us not only preach the gospel of freedom and liberty in our lodge rooms and among our own members, but let us preach it daily in the highways and by-ways. Let us make the influence of our Order felt more and more throughout the length and breadth of the land. Our country calls; let us not be slow to respond. The need is not in the future, it is here now. This is no time for star-gazing. It is time for action. No truer words were ever spoken than "eternal



vigilance is the price of liberty", and "the people never give up their liberties but under some delusion", and again "God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it".

Man's Best Friend

MANY encomiums have been paid to man's best friend among so-called dumb animals. Perhaps the one most frequently quoted is Senator Vest's eulogy in which he said:

"The one, absolute, unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog."

Then there are the familiar quotations also brimful of sentiment: "Love me, love my dog" and "Who loves me will love my dog also" and, as expressed by Sir Thomas More, "Whosoever loveth me loveth my hound."

Not only has tribute been paid the dog in prose and poetry, but also in song. Medals for bravery and endurance in the face of great danger and for devotion to his master have been awarded him, and enduring monuments have been erected to his memory. A notable example is the bronze figure of Balto, the leader of the dog team which carried diphtheria serum across the wilds of Alaska to save the lives of sufferers from that dread malady. It stands on a rock on the east driveway of Central Park in New York City and is inscribed as follows:

"Balto—Dedicated to the indomitable spirit of sled dogs that relayed antitoxin 600 miles over rough ice, across treacherous waters, through Arctic blizzards from Nenana to the relief of stricken Nome in the winter of 1925. Endurance, fidelity and intelligence."

A monument might well be erected to those dogs trained to lead the blind safely along and across highways glutted by traffic.

Many will agree that it is a mistake to refer to the dog as a dumb animal. His facial expression, his expressive eyes, his wagging tail and his joyful bark speak to all lovers of dogs in an unmistakable language of friendship, love and devotion.

A Brave Engineer

SOME thirty-odd years ago a new song caught the popular fancy. It started out with "Come all you rounders if you want to hear the story about a brave engineer." Of course you all recognize it as the railroad epic to Casey Jones. It caught on immediately and became popular to the extent that more than ten million copies are said to have been sold. Nearly everybody was singing it and nearly everybody thought that Casey Jones was a mythical character whereas in fact he was a real man of flesh and blood.

John Luther Jones was born in the little town of Cayce in the State of Kentucky. He became a locomotive engineer and his fellow employees, making sport of the town from which he came, changed the spelling to Casey and re-christened him Casey Jones. He ran on the Mobile and Ohio and on the Illinois Central railroads, on which latter road he was killed in a wreck much as is recited in the song dedicated to him. At the time he was driving an engine known as "Old 382" which was pulling the then celebrated fast train listed on the time card as the "Cannon Ball Express". Casey was noted for the reckless speed of this train sometimes necessary to arrive on time, an accomplishment on which he prided himself.

The composer of the song, agreeable to the license indulged in by most authors of epics, took liberty with some of the facts and bended them to fit the rhyme. It is improbable that Casey ever "pulled up Reno hill" but that makes no difference for it doubtless was true that "the switchman knew by the engine's moans that the man at the throttle was Casey Jones", for he seems to have handled his iron horse different from other engineers. The tragic end came, however, about the turn of the century when "Old 382" left the track. It is also fiction that, as somewhat crudely recited:

"Casey said before he died,
'There's one more road I'd like to ride.'

The fireman said 'What can it be?'

He said 'The Southern Pacific and the Sante Fe.'

But it is not fiction that Casey Jones was a real man and a brave engineer. He was buried at Jackson, Tennessee, and a monument has been erected to his memory.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick is seen presenting the key to a fully equipped safety police car to Mayor Frank E. Lewis before the Hotel Copley-Plaza in Boston. Reading from left to right are Chief of Police George O. Kenny, E.R. Albert Giantonio, Mayor Lewis, all of Everett, Mass., and Doctor McCormick.



Above: Shaking hands with Doctor McCormick is James T. Lowe, E.R. of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, when the Grand Exalted Ruler visited there. Standing between them is Florida State Pres. M. Frank O'Brien.

Below: Attending the 71st Anniversary banquet of New York Lodge No. 1 at the Hotel Biltmore are Senator Robert F. Wagner, Doctor McCormick and E.R. William F. O'Rourke, of New York Lodge.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with Mayor James Garfield Stewart of Cincinnati, Ohio, and E.R. Jacob Auer of Cincinnati Lodge, on an occasion when Doctor McCormick paid a visit to that Lodge.



Wide World Photo





When Doctor McCormick visited El Reno, Okla., Lodge he was snapped with those prominent Oklahoma Elks shown above. Among them are Grand Esquire George M. McLean, on Doctor McCormick's left, and D.D. C. R. Donley.



One of Doctor McCormick's most successful visits was paid to Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge. At right, he is shown at Daytona Beach with, left to right, bottom row, Esquire Walter A. Shelley, E.R. Cullen H. Talton, Doctor McCormick and Mayor Frank B. Couch. Between Doctor McCormick and Mayor Couch stands P.E.R. Judge Herbert B. Frederick.

An important feature of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Florida Lodges was the mortgage burning ceremony held at Miami Beach Lodge. The officers of the Lodge, State Association officers, various District Deputies and Elks from throughout the State were present on this occasion. Dr. McCormick is shown lighting the mortgage.



Under the ANTLERS



News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

An Outstanding Initiatory Meeting At Dover, N. J. Lodge

On the occasion of the official visit to Dover, N. J., Lodge, No. 782, of the President of the N. J. State Elks Assn., Howard F. Lewis, of Burlington, Past State Pres. Fletcher L. Fritts, Sr., P.E.R., had the pleasure of conferring the obligation on his son, Fletcher L. Fritts, Jr., who was a member of the class initiated into Dover Lodge at the meeting. Two Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, and Charles Spencer Hart, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, were present, together with two members of the Board of Grand Trustees, William T. Phillips, Secy. of New York Lodge No. 1, and Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, N. J., and Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, of Newark, N. J. Fifteen Past Exalted Rulers of Dover Lodge acted as escorts to Grand Lodge and State Association dignitaries.

The affair was conducted by E.R. William H. Ely and the Dover officers in cooperation with a special committee of which Mr. Fritts, Sr. was chairman. Delegations from the

16 lodges in the Northwest District as well as from other parts of the State were present. Among other New Jersey leaders of the Order in attendance were D.D. William E. Kennedy of West Orange Lodge; Past State Pres.'s Judge Harold E. Pickersgill, Perth Amboy, Nicholas Albano, Newark, Francis P. Boland, Jersey City, Richard P. Hughes, Burlington, and Charles Wibiralski, Perth Amboy; State Vice-Pres. Joseph Miscia, Montclair; State Secy. Francis J. Eagan, Weehawken, and William J. Jernick, Nutley, Chairman of the State Publicity Committee. P.D.D. J. G. Thumm was a visitor from Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge.

Several Affairs on a Large Scale Staged by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, gave a series of luncheons recently, the first of which was attended by 200 prominent citizens of Bronx County. The Hon. Henry Hein, Principal of the James Monroe High School, and George Mand, President of the Bronx Chamber of Commerce, were the speakers. After the luncheon the lodge entertained 700 school children. On March 1 a public luncheon was given at which a large number of leading business men of the county were present. A few days later the lodge trustees presented a substantial check to the Boy Scouts of America, and on the following Saturday the lodge officers led a parade

Above: Some of the twenty thousand persons who attended the patriotic program held by Louisville, Ky., Lodge in the Jefferson County Armory. Among those present was Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick.

with 5,000 marchers. Legionnaires, Boy Scouts, Sea Scouts and members of other organizations took part. On March 5 P.E.R. Max Slepik, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, addressed a public meeting in the lodge room and presented the awards to the winners of the Essay Contest conducted by Bronx Lodge for school children.

Male Chorus of 25 Members Is Organized by Boise, Ida., Lodge

A male chorus of 25 voices has been organized among the members and is now an official part of Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310. The chorus will include in its repertoire sacred hymns, secular numbers and folk songs and will feature spirituals. Kenneth Hartzler, dean of the music department of the Boise High School, is the director and Franklin Holsinger, High School instrumental instructor, is the accompanist.

The prize-winning "Pep Band" of Boise Lodge has gained fame in the northwest for its performances at various conventions of State Elks Associations. It was organized last year under the management of Trustee E. M. Rogers.



Left: Gathered together at initiatory ceremonies are distinguished Elks congratulating Fletcher L. Fritts, Jr., who was initiated into Dover, N. J., Lodge by his father, Past State Pres. Fletcher L. Fritts, Sr. Left to right are: Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Mr. Fritts, Jr., Mr. Fritts, Sr., Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart and Exalted Ruler William H. Ely.



Members of the Membership Campaign Teams of Atlanta, Ga., who secured eighty-two applications for membership in the Lodge.

The Kelso, Wash., Antlers Lodge Enjoys Growth and Prosperity

The Antlers Lodge, sponsored by Kelso, Wash., Lodge, No. 1482, has enjoyed steady progress since its institution in 1936. While 27 Antlers have since become Elks, the numeri-

cal loss has been more than made up by the initiation of new members. The Kelso organization is now one of the largest in the Northwest. It has several hundred dollars in the bank, owes no bills, and last year paid \$400 for drill team uniforms. The Team expects to come out on May 30 with a larger personnel, including four drummers and four girl majorettes.

"Sons and Parents Evening", held

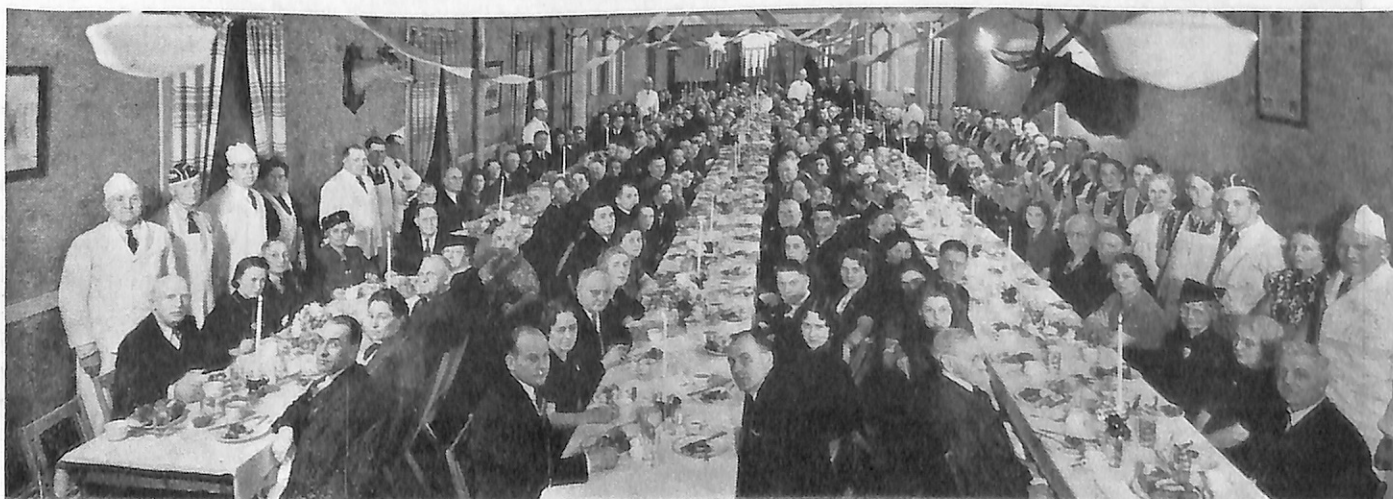
early in February, was an outstanding social occasion. Altogether, 175 Antlers, fathers and mothers attended. The "Shut-in Theatre Party", which the Kelso Antlers gave last Fall, brought so much happiness to both old and young that it has been decided to make it an annual event.

Reports of the Antlers Lodges Indicate Successful Future

The Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, C. Fenton Nichols, of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, reports that the outlook among the Antlers Lodges of the Order is most encouraging. During his term as President of the Calif. State Elks Assn.—1937-38—Mr. Nichols combined his Association activities with those as Antlers Counselor on his official visits to the great number of subordinate lodges in California. Since last September he has devoted more time than ever to Antlers work with gratifying results. The District Deputies of the States and the Presidents of the various State Associations have acquainted the subordinate lodges with the merits of the junior organization and Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick has given the Grand Lodge Antlers Council valuable cooperation throughout his administration.

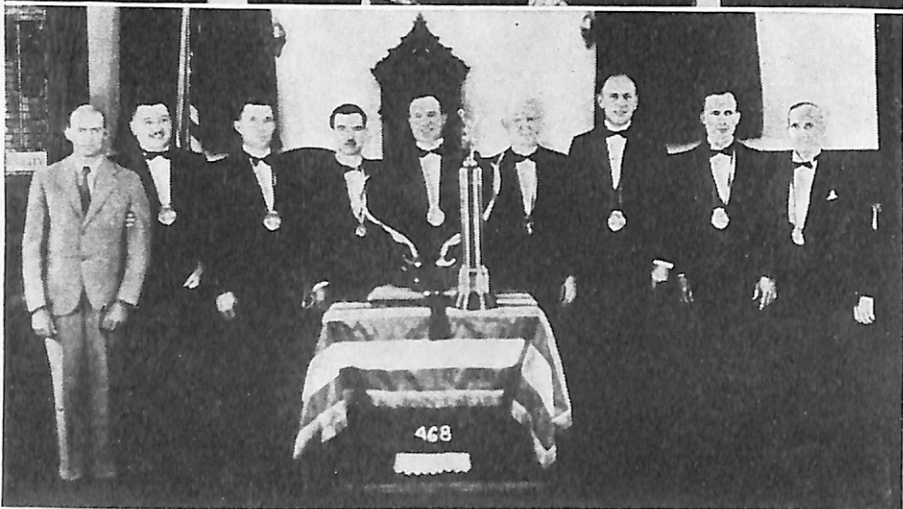
During the lodge year Antlers Lodges have been instituted at West Orange, N. J., Cincinnati, O., Chico, Calif., Palo Alto, Calif., and Cullman, Ala. Those at Defiance, O., and Nevada City, Calif., are being re-

Elks of Newton, Ia., Lodge at a venison dinner held at the Lodge Home.





Left: Among those who participated in the Boston, Mass., Lodge "Elks Patriotic Night" were, left to right, Frederick Sullivan, member of the Boston School Committee, Dr. Frederick Gillis, Asst. Supt. of the Boston Public Schools, Max Ulin, Chairman of the evening, Major Michael McLaughlin, Aide to Governor Leverett Saltenstall of Massachusetts, and Joseph L. Murphy, Exalted Ruler of Boston Lodge.



Officers of Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, who won the Ritualistic Contest of the Arizona State Elks Assn. held at Tucson, with the Jack Hosfield Trophy.

organized. In a present state of organization are Antlers Lodges sponsored by Newport, R. I., Clinton, Mo., Hanford, Calif., and Lockport, N. Y., Lodges.

Duluth, Minn., Lodge Celebrates Its Fiftieth Anniversary

Nearly 200 members of Duluth, Minn., Lodge, No. 133, attended the

50th Annual Stag Party celebrating the 50th anniversary of the lodge's institution. Good fellowship prevailed during the evening, entertainment was provided and music was furnished by the Elks Orchestra.

E.R. W. J. LaCasse made the welcoming speech. P.E.R. Royal G. Bouschor was Toastmaster. P.E.R. Roger Mohrbacher, who now resides in Minneapolis, was present, and the occasion was selected as the proper time to make him a handsome gift for services he had rendered his lodge. Est. Lead. Knight L. W. Cleveland made the presentation.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visit to Cincinnati, O., Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, accompanied by his personal representative, John C. A. Leppelman of Toledo, a Past President of the O. State Elks Assn., paid a visit to Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, during a celebration staged by the lodge lasting a week. Dr. McCormick arrived on the afternoon of March 10 in time for a dinner attended by a crowd which taxed the capacity of the ballroom of the lodge home. At the meeting that night, 500 Elks witnessed the initiation of a large class. Mayor James G. Stewart made the welcoming speech, and the Grand Exalted Ruler gave one of his most inspiring addresses. The presentation of a fine Rookwood lamp to Dr. McCormick was made by P.E.R. Anthony Dunlap.

Several nearby lodges participated in the program carried out by the Cincinnati Elks. A parade, held on Thursday, was more than a mile long. Included in the marching units were various patriotic and civic organizations. On Saturday some of the most prominent men in the city acted as hosts at a luncheon given in the Gibson Hotel.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Its 45th Anniversary

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, celebrated its 45th Anniversary with a four-day program, beginning February 13th, which included bowling, shuffle board and pool tourna-



Finale of the St. Louis Elks Minstrel Show staged by the Diamond Jubilee Elks Convention corporation of St. Louis Lodge.

ments and a dance for Elks and their friends. Past Exalted Rulers Night was the closing event. The guest speakers were Supreme Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and P.D.D. County Judge J. Gordon Flannery, Beacon, N. Y. P.D.D. Joseph E. Vigeant, of Poughkeepsie Lodge, also spoke. A class of 19, dedicated to Americanism, was initiated, among the candidates being State Senator Allen A. Ryan, Jr.

During its long career, Poughkeepsie Lodge has engaged in many civic and charitable enterprises. One important undertaking was the promotion of its own Elks' Health Camp where underprivileged children are given the opportunity of enjoying the fresh air and freedom of the country. The membership is large and made up of the finest type of citizen. More than 1,100 names are on the roster. One of them is Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States.

Passing of Gov. Fitzgerald, Initiated During Dr. McCormick's Visit to Lansing, Mich., Lodge

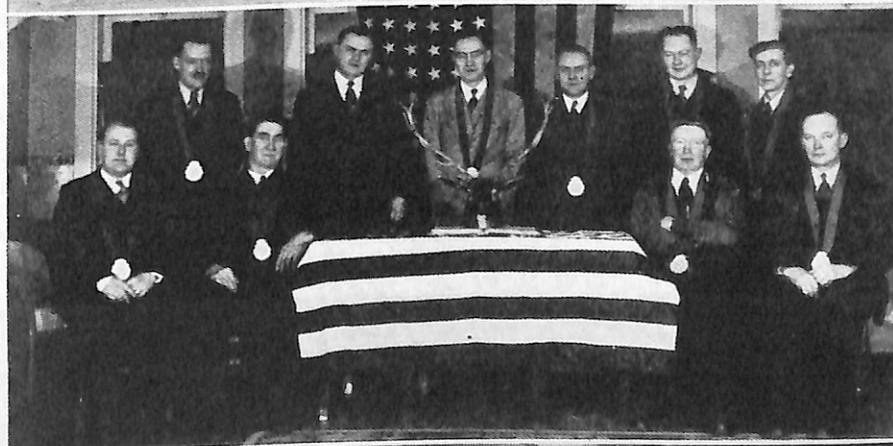
On March 16, less than two weeks after his initiation into Lansing Lodge No. 196, the Hon. Frank D. Fitzgerald, serving his second term as Governor of Michigan, died at his home in Grand Lodge of a heart ailment. Gov. Fitzgerald became a member of the Order at one of the most impressive sessions ever held in the mid-west. The occasion was graced by the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, who had arranged his schedule so that he could attend. Speaking from the elevated rostrum in the beautiful lodge room, the Grand Exalted Ruler gave one of his finest addresses, tracing the charitable and patriotic activities of the Order and describing in particular those performed during the World

War from the time the United States entered the conflict in 1917. Gov. Fitzgerald responded to the invitation of E.R. Dr. F. H. Bradshaw, who presided, to address the meeting. Those who heard him will remember him as he appeared that night, sincerely interested and vitally impressed with the principles of the Order.

Upon his arrival from Toledo, Dr. McCormick was given a reception and was the guest of honor at a dinner held before the lodge session. The meeting was the highlight of Dr. Bradshaw's tenure of office. Practically every lodge in the lower peninsula of the State was repre-

sented. A gathering estimated at 500 witnessed the exceptionally fine initiatory work performed by the Lansing officers and Esquire's escort. Among those in attendance, including many State and city dignitaries and officers of the Mich. State Elks Assn., were former Grand Trustee John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, Mich., Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; D.D.'s Arthur Pierpont, Owosso, Irvine J. Unger, Detroit, and C. C. Eddy, Petoskey; State Pres. John S. Wilson, Jr., Lansing.

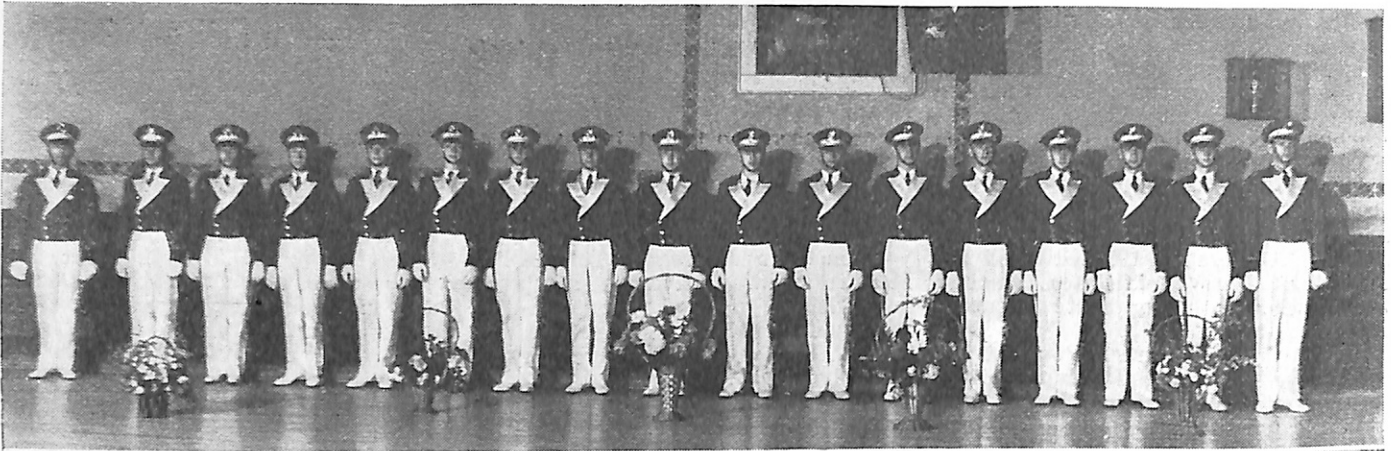
A handsome float which was entered in a local parade by Needles, Calif., Lodge.



Right: The Officers of Petersburg, Alaska, Lodge, with D.D. Leonard Sohlt. Petersburg Lodge has only recently been instituted.



The "John K. Tener Class" initiated by St. Mary's, Pa., Lodge on its 40th Anniversary, to honor the Past Grand Exalted Ruler.



At top: the handsomely uniformed Drill Team of the Kelso, Wash., Lodge of Antlers.



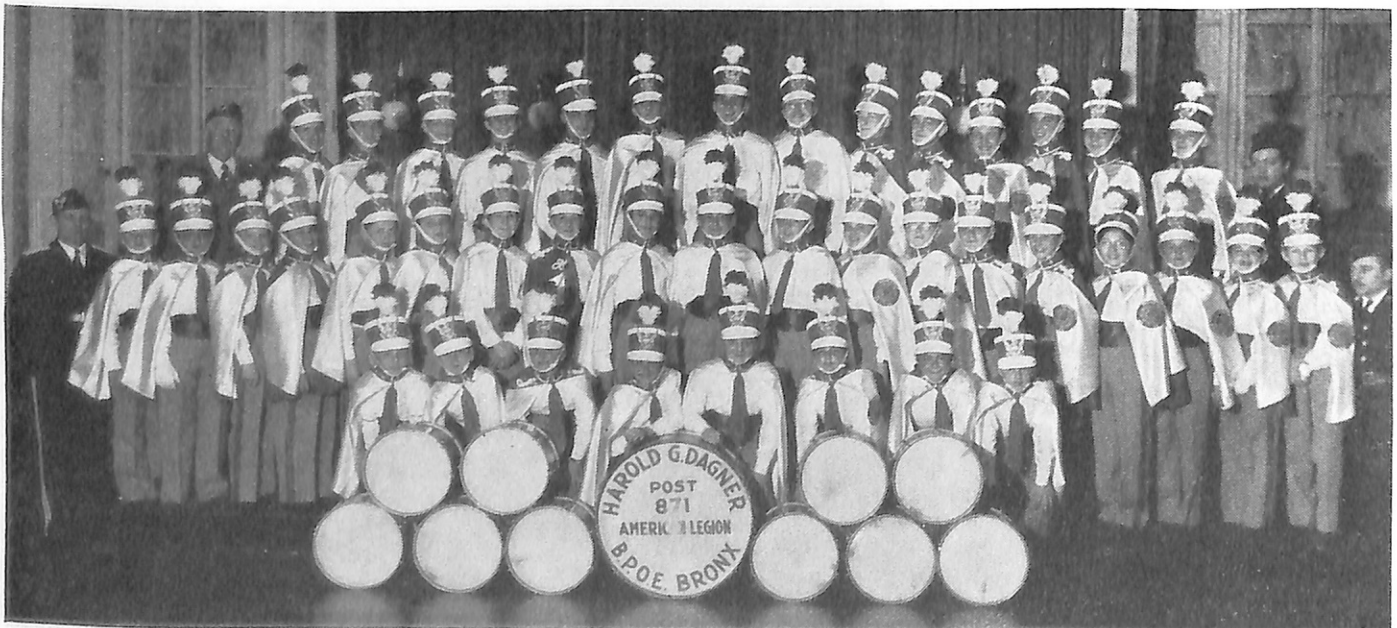
Above are the officers and members of the recently instituted Anniston, Ala., Lodge.

Vice-President-at-Large John Olsen, Muskegon, Treasurer James Shirlaw, Battle Creek, Secretary Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and various committee chairmen and appointive officers of the Michigan State Elks Association.

Quarterly Meeting of N. J. State Elks Assn. Held at Somerville

The quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association on Sunday, March 12, was held in the new auditorium of Somerville Lodge No. 1068. Welcome to the meeting was voiced by E.R. John D. Bowlby, Mayor Freas Hess and State Senator J. I. Bowers. Many matters of importance were disposed of. Reports were heard by State Pres. Howard

F. Lewis, Burlington, from State Vice-Presidents and Committee Chairmen. P.D.D. E. L. Grimes of Somerville Lodge headed the committee of Past Exalted Rulers in charge of arrangements. Special interest was shown in the publicity report of Chairman William Jernick of Nutley, stating that 25 per cent



The elaborately garbed Fife and Drum Corps which takes part in all outdoor Bronx, N. Y., Lodge functions.



Left: Seated before their Lodge Home are the officers of Goodland, Kans. Lodge with a class of 36 candidates they initiated recently.



Distinguished South Carolina Elks who attended the Quarterly Meeting of the South Carolina State Elks Assn. at Greenville, S. C., Lodge.

more column inches of publicity had appeared to date in 1938-39 than in any preceding 12-month period. Past State Pres. Joseph Buch of Trenton was congratulated upon his appointment as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees. An important date was accepted, the first Sunday in Au-

gust being named as Elks Crippled Children's Day. June 23 will be the opening date of the annual convention of the State Association, to take place in Long Branch. A buffet supper and entertainment followed the business session.

An event of unusual interest marked the meeting. Mrs. Catharine Langhorne, only surviving widow of a member of the "Jolly Corks", made a trip from her home in Plainfield to address the gathering during a

specialty-called recess. Mrs. Langhorne's husband was Francis Langhorne, one of the group from which the Order of Elks originated. Introduced by Past State Pres. John H. Cose of Plainfield, she spoke in a clear voice despite her 84 years, expressing her appreciation of the invitation, and telling of her husband's interest in the organization during his lifetime.

Dr. McCormick Speaks at Meeting Held by Louisville, Ky., Lodge

As the honored guest of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick delivered an outstanding address at a huge public meeting held by the lodge on March 2 in the Jefferson County Armory. Col. Frank D. Rash presided. The Grand Exalted Ruler was surrounded on the platform by a great many distinguished guests, a number of whom participated in the speaking program.

The combined bands of the Louisville Male High School, the duPont Manual Training High School and St. Xavier's High School opened the exercises. Then followed a parade around the Armory by drum and bugle corps and other units, many of which took part later in individual exhibitions and drills. Trophies were presented to all the groups participating.

New Addition Improves Handsome Home of Goodland, Kans., Lodge

The Elks of Goodland, Kans., Lodge, No. 1528, take great pride in their membership, their lodge home



Above: Those Elks and their ladies who attended the Annual Dinner Dance held by Spokane, Wash., Lodge.



Elks of Washington, Mo., Lodge and their guests who were present at the banquet held in honor of the "Charles Grimm Class".



Hagerstown, Md., Elks and guests as they made merry at a dinner held in the Lodge Home some time ago.

and the good works effected through the efforts of their committees. Their building is situated on U. S. Highway No. 24 not quite 20 miles from the Colorado line. An addition consisting of basement and upper story was added recently at a cost of more than \$12,000. This is no small sum, but the lodge had the money to settle its bills on a cash basis.

Visiting Elks are sure of a welcome and are invited to take part in all lodge and social activities. While some of these are impromptu, others such as a "Mixer" bridge party for Elks and their ladies, dances, a Stag,

always a good one, matinees for the ladies, and two big parties annually—on Flag Day and Thanksgiving—are regular events. The annual party for members and their families a few weeks ago attracted a crowd of 500 to the home. Last Fall Goodland Lodge sponsored the immunization of all the children of the county against diphtheria and smallpox, co-operating with the County and State Board of Health.

The Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges

What may be interpreted as a sign of good times in various parts of the country is the reappearance in these columns of a list of dispensations for new lodges, granted by

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick within the past few months. An account of the institution of Anniston, Ala., Lodge, No. 189, appeared in the April issue of *The Elks Magazine*. Dispensations for other lodges have been granted as follows:

Gadsden, Ala., No. 1314.
East Point, Ga., No. 1617.
Thomasville, Ga., No. 1618.
Bellows Falls, Vt., No. 1619.
Salmon, Ida., No. 1620.
Allegan, Mich., No. 1621.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge Honors P.E.R. William J. Leslie

P.E.R. William J. Leslie, the oldest living charter and honorary life member of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 895, who holds the enviable record of having attended 39 consecutive conventions of the Grand Lodge, was given a testimonial dinner on March 15 in the main auditorium of the lodge home. Mr. Leslie is the Historian of Phillipsburg Lodge. He served as Exalted Ruler in 1901. Among those who joined in the tribute paid this popular and beloved Elk were Howard F. Lewis, Burlington, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn.; Past Pres. George L. Hirtzel of Elizabeth, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Past Pres. Nicholas Albano, Newark; D.D. Robert B. Groat, Washington, N. J., and P.D.D.'s W. G. Warner, Lehigh, Harold W. Swallow, Bound Brook, and Edward Grimes, Somerville. C. E. Tilton was Toastmaster and E.R. Victor Eichhorn of Elizabeth Lodge was the principal speaker.

An atmosphere of good fellowship prevailed during the evening and all joined in the group singing. A vaudeville entertainment was presented, and dance music was furnished by the Arcadians Orchestra. Nearly 300 members of the Order were present with their ladies. E. K. Williamson was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Initiates Class Honoring Gov. Heil

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, initiated a class of candidates recently in honor of the Governor of the State, P.E.R. Julius P. Heil, a member of the lodge's Board of Trustees. The Governor's Banquet, held in the Marine Dining Room of the lodge home, was attended by approximately 400 local and visiting Elks. Several of the newly appointed Colonels on the Governor's staff, officers of the Wisconsin State Elks



This float, entered by Biloxi, Miss., Lodge in the Biloxi Lion's Club Junior Carnival, won first prize.

Right: Veteran Secretary Eugene Schwarz, Sr., of Rochester, Minn., Lodge, celebrates his own 70th birthday, and his 32nd year as Secretary by burning the mortgage on the Lodge Home.

Below, center, photographed on his official homecoming visit to Naugatuck, Conn., Lodge, is D. D. Arthur W. Swan with Joseph E. Sommers, Pres. of the P.E.R.'s Assn., and E.R. Joseph E. Talbot.

Association and other Elk dignitaries were seated at the speakers' table. E.R. Howard T. Ott presided.

Immediately after the banquet, Gov. Heil and two of his Colonels, Louis Schneller and Charles C. Durr, members of Milwaukee Lodge, were escorted into the lodge room by a detachment of the Elks Plugs. After introductions had been made by Esq. Carl F. Zeidler, they took their places on the rostrum with Mr. Ott and Trustee John L. Rex. Seventy-three Elks Plugs, wearing full regalia, put on a short but colorful drill. More than 500 Elks witnessed the initiation ceremonies and applauded a fine address made by Gov. Heil. The Governor's Class was made up of 60 candidates for Milwaukee Lodge and one for Waukesha, Wis., Lodge, No. 400. An evening of fun and frolic with food, refreshments, entertainment and good fellowship followed the meeting.

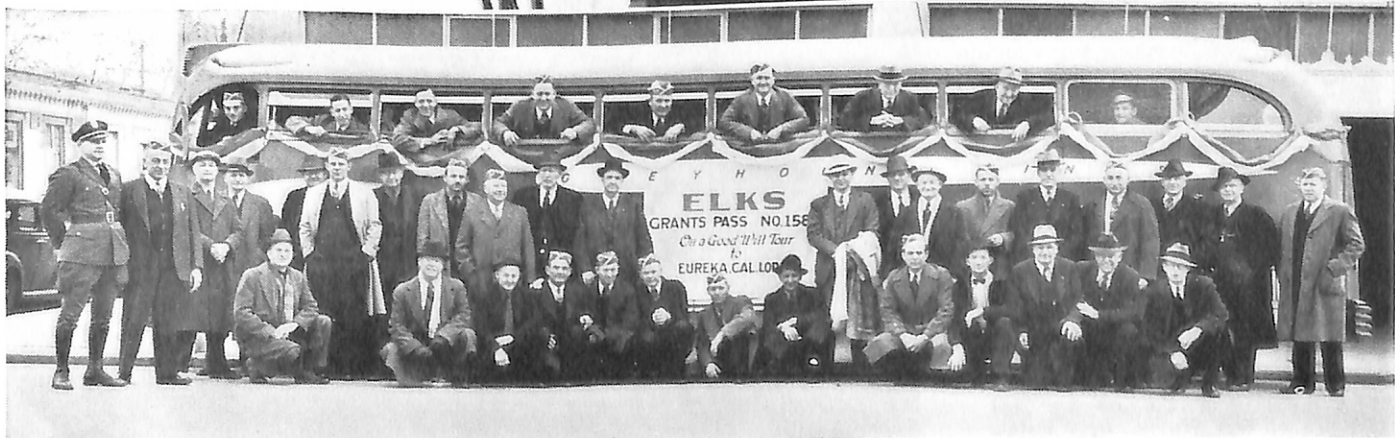
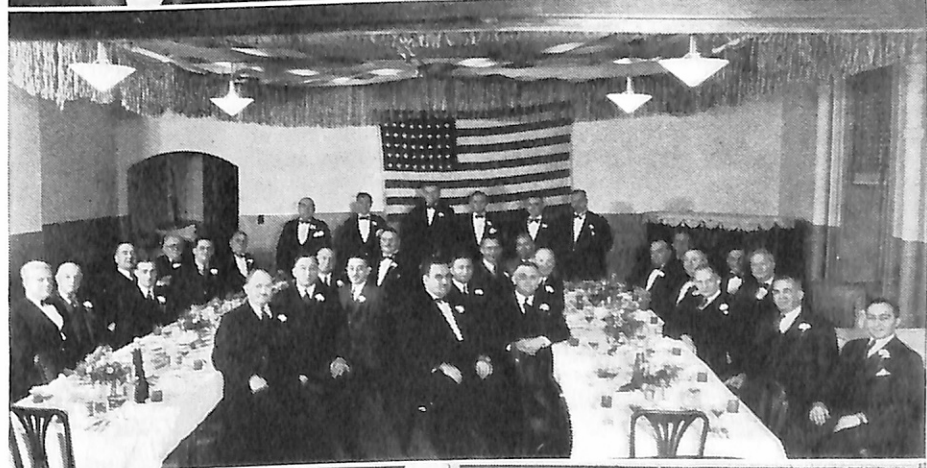
As a token of esteem, the Milwaukee membership presented the Governor with a beautiful electric clock. He was also given, by J. W. Berthrong of Waukesha Lodge, a unique ash tray of brass metal glass, beautifully lettered and displaying the American Flag.

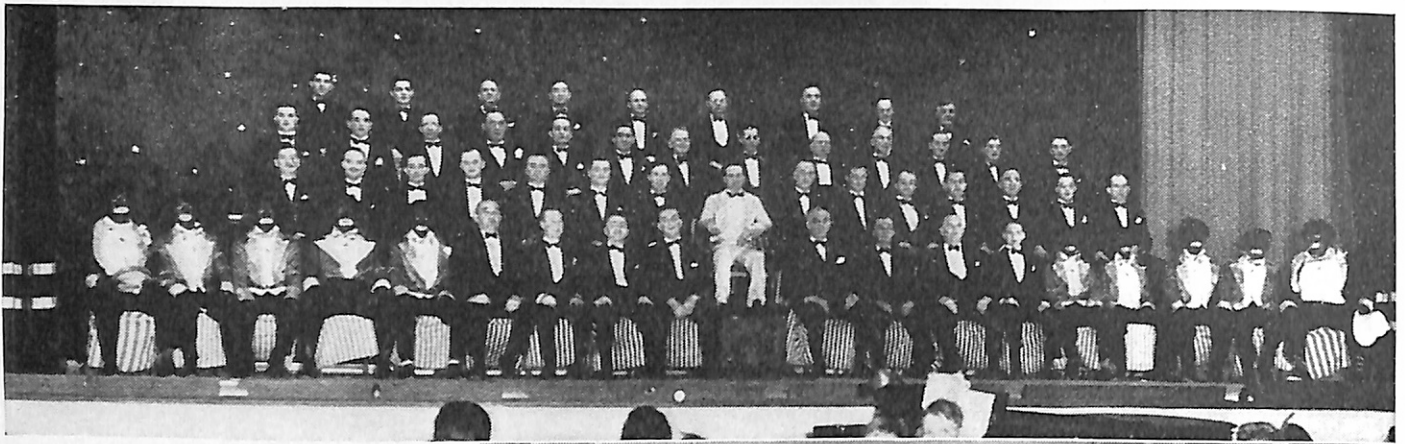
Report of Sports Party Enjoyed by Rhinelander, Wis., Elks

Taking advantage of the natural facilities offered by the location in

Right: Distinguished Pennsylvania Elks who honored D.D. Scott E. Drum at dinner when he made a homecoming visit to Hazleton, Pa., Lodge.

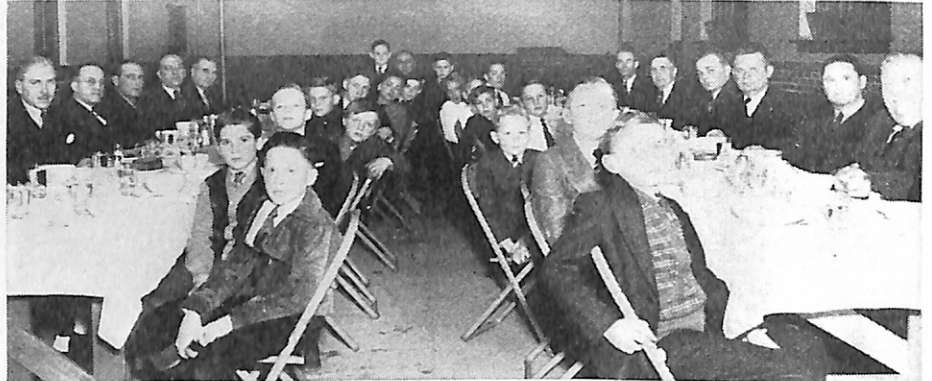
Below: Members of Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge as they embarked on a Good Will Tour to Eureka, Calif., Lodge.





Above: What the audience saw, when it attended the Charity Minstrel Show held by Salisbury, Md., Lodge.

Right: The Big Brothers' Dinner, sponsored by Grand Island, Neb., Lodge, when local Elks picked out a little brother to aid and counsel.



which it is situated, Rhinelander, Wis., Lodge, No. 598, staged a Winter Sports Party at Gateway, the popular resort at Land O' Lakes on the Wisconsin-Michigan border. Members with their families and friends, 150 in all, made the trek into the North Woods for a complete day of skiing, skating, tobogganing and all that makes for the utmost in good fellowship. A hot turkey dinner was served.

Washington, Mo., Lodge Honors Charlie Grimm of Baseball Fame

Named for Charles Grimm, one of the 28 candidates, the "Charlie Grimm Class" was initiated some weeks ago by Washington, Mo., Lodge, No. 1559. Mr. Grimm, famous ball player, and manager last year of the Chicago Cubs, was the guest of honor at a banquet served to over 300 Elks and their guests. The showing of a talking picture, setting forth the history of baseball, was followed by a dance, with the Washington Elks Band furnishing the music.

The affair was attended by visiting Elks from St. Louis, Kansas City, Sedalia, St. Charles, Columbia, Warrenton, Denver, De Soto, Marthasville and Owensville, giving Mr. Grimm, who was leaving for Florida the next morning, a great send-off.

Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge Sponsors Boys For State Group

Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1200, will send two boys, between 16 and 18 years of age, to the Wolverine Boys State at East Lansing, Mich., this coming June. They will be selected by P.E.R. Carl Bowen and Melle Wright, appointed as a

committee by E.R. Bernard E. Cook. The "State" is made up of a selected group from all over Michigan which gathers at Michigan State College immediately after the beginning of the high school summer vacations. The boys live there a week, organizing city, county and State government and learning, as individuals, the principles of American government at first hand.

Public service projects engaged in by Grand Haven Lodge during the past winter included the financing of five clinics for problem children from underprivileged families. The lodge also purchased a large quantity of cod liver oil for distribution among needy families of the city and surrounding territory.

When Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, held one of its largest meetings recently, the Grand Haven Lodge officers and Degree Team performed the ritualistic work. The Team, organized less than a year ago, is expert. It is captained by Esq. George Johnson.

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge Donates \$1,000 for Aid of Refugees

At a meeting some weeks ago, Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, voted unanimously to give \$1,000 to a national fund for the assistance of Central European refugees. This was the largest amount ever contributed by the lodge to any one cause. The motion to appropriate the money was made by the local director of the campaign, A. M. Schewel, a member of Lynchburg Lodge.

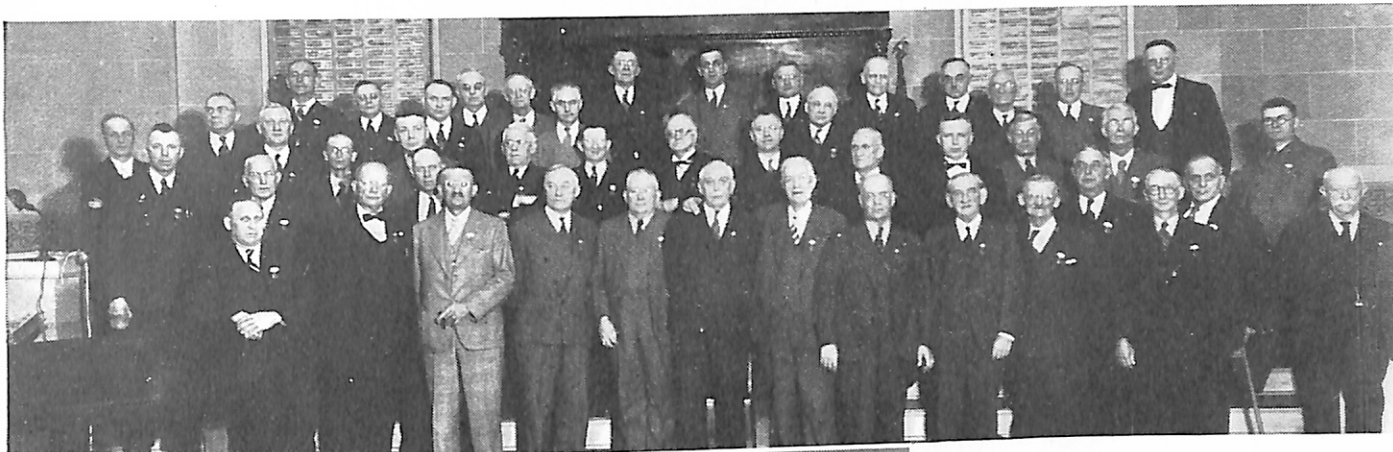
Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Sets Up Blood Bank for Emergency Use

With an initial list of 32 donors, Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, has established a blood bank for use in emergency transfusions. On February 23 the lodge made the announcement that it would shortly have a permanent roster of 40 donors, ten for each of the four main types, whose services would be instantly available on call.

The project has the backing and



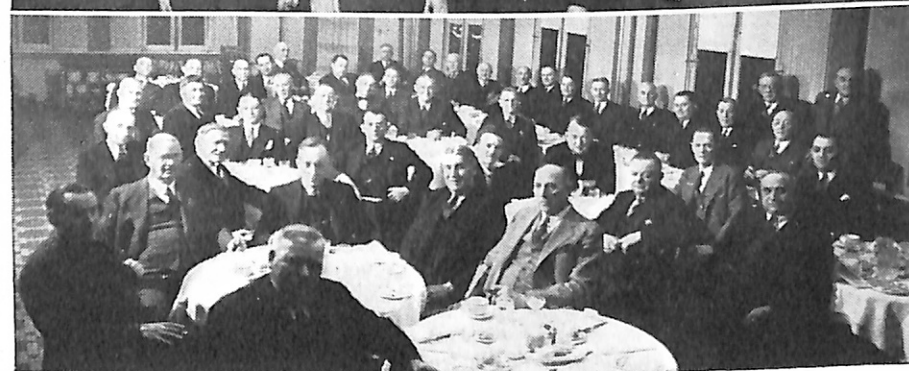
Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick with the officers and P.E.R.'s of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, when he visited there.



Above: Old Timers of Salem, Ore., who were honored at Old Timers' Night recently.



Left: Distinguished Arizona Elks who were present at Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge to celebrate the initiation of a class of 53 candidates, among whom was Gov. R. T. Jones. Six hundred and fifty Elks witnessed the ceremonies.



Members of Woodlawn, Pa., Lodge photographed at a dinner held to celebrate the Lodge's 28th Anniversary.

whole-hearted approval of the local doctors and surgeons. There have been many instances where delay in locating persons with the correct type of blood has almost cost patients their lives. The donors receive no remuneration, serving unselfishly for the good of the community and the hope of saving lives.

An Outstanding Regular Meeting of St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge

P.E.R. Cecil Zinkan, Vice-Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., made his official visit to his home lodge, St. Augustine, Fla., No. 829, at a regular meeting attended by almost 100 members. Among the visiting Elks present were Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight I. Walter Hawkins of De Land; State Treas. R. L. Bohon, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and State Pres. M.

Frank O'Brien of Jacksonville, and Ed. Henshaw, New Smyrna Beach. Vice-Chairman of the State Visitation Committee.

The lodge's Americanism Class was initiated that night, and Mr. Zinkan was given a service recognition pin, the presentation being made by P.E.R. Ray Kauble. The meeting was followed by a social hour and clam chowder was served on the lower floor of the spacious lodge home.

Greeley, Colo., Elks Carnival a Huge Success

The Greeley Elks Carnival, a charity event presented annually by Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, ran for three successive nights in February with a total attendance of approximately 7,500 patrons. The three floors of the lodge home were crowded at all times. The affair was managed by the Elks Carnival Committee made up of more than 100 members.

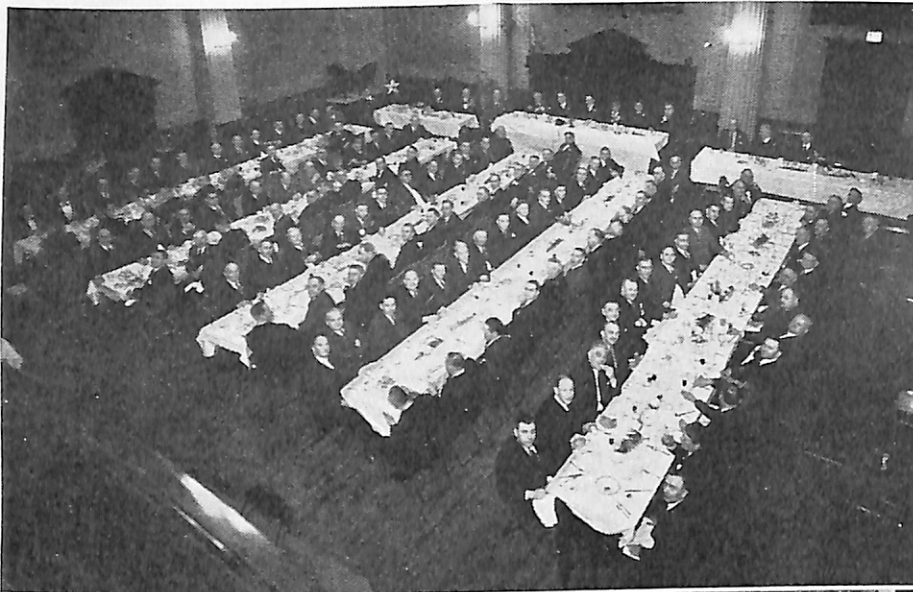
The proceeds, always of large proportion, are used to finance the lodge's charity and welfare work and its youth activities, social, athletic and cultural. Articles of equipment which have been turned over to the Camp Fire Girls' Council for use at Camp Dunraven, Estes Park, included three dozen chairs, several rolls of battleship linoleum, three glass exhibit cases, a dozen screens, a platform suitable for use as a small porch, and light and other fixtures.

Delegations From Ten North Dakota Lodges Meet at Bismarck

Delegations from 10 North Dakota lodges, including officers of the N. D. State Elks Association, attended a



Members of Galveston, Tex., Lodge who were honor guests at a party given by the younger members.



Left: Those who attended the 50th Annual Stag Party held by Duluth, Minn., Lodge.

Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge Aids in Raising Fund for Blind Youth

Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 272, cooperated wholeheartedly with the Pittsfield Emblem Club some weeks ago in a fine humanitarian act. Together they put on a campaign by newspaper and radio to raise funds for the aid of Francis Soutier who lost his eyesight while in high school and was without means of support. The sum of \$1,300 was realized, and negotiations were made immediately for the purchase of a newsstand business for this estimable but unfortunate youth. With his Seeing Eye dog and a business of his own, young Mr. Soutier faces the future with optimism as well as courage.

Charity Minstrels Held by Salisbury, Md., Elks, Nets Fine Sum

Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817, has for many years held an annual minstrel show, the proceeds of which are donated to some charitable institution. The 1939 Minstrels, held in the spacious auditorium of the State Teachers College, eclipsed all others and netted the treasury something like \$1,000. E.R. C. Ray Hare was a prominent member of the large and talented cast.

The Elks Minstrels has become a fixture in Salisbury, anticipated by young and old alike. It is also regarded by the people of the community as an opportunity to assist in a benevolent cause and to express their endorsement of the lodge's charitable activities.



Above: Elks of Falls City, Neb., Lodge at a banquet they gave for the high school basketball team, which for the sixth consecutive year was champion of southeastern Nebraska.

meeting at Bismarck Lodge No. 1199 in March. They were addressed by Sam Stern of Fargo, State Vice-President and a leader in the crippled children work carried on so extensively by the Association. Before the meeting adjourned, representatives of the lodges reviewed past activities and outlined their 1939 program.

Mr. Stern stated that to date the

Elks of the State had spent \$129,000 in helping these unfortunate children. In 1938 alone 1,273 cases were handled. The State Association is at present collaborating with the N. D. Public Welfare Board in a concerted effort to see that every crippled child in the State is examined and treated. Miss Theodora Allen, Director of the Board's Child Welfare Activities, outlined the work of her department in conducting clinics sponsored by the lodges of the Order throughout the State.

Below: The officers of Jerome, Ariz., Lodge with a class of candidates they initiated recently.

Burlington, Vt., Elks Give Benefit for Children's Luncheon Fund

The fund with which Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916, finances its luncheon club for undernourished school children, was increased by the proceeds of a successful minstrel show and burlesque of scenes from "The Mikado" put on by Burlington Elks late in February. The show, held in the Memorial Auditorium, was lively and spectacular and presented by local talent. Results of the ticket sale were excellent. The net sum realized was sufficient to take care of noon meals for two hundred and fifty children for two more months.





Elks of Wilmington, Del., Lodge at a dinner meeting when many State, county and city officials witnessed an important initiation.

Marianna, Fla., Elks Greet P.E.R. W. H. Milton on 75th Birthday

Former U. S. Senator William H. Milton, the only honorary life member on the roster of Marianna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1516, celebrated his 75th birthday on March 3 with a public reception and Open House in his new building. At the call of Secy. E. R. Ferrell, a large representation of the membership met at the lodge home, formed a procession and went to the reception in a body. A basket of flowers was presented to Mr. Milton by the delegation. He has served as Exalted Ruler nine terms.

Annual Get-Together of Visalia, Calif., Elks and Legionnaires

A crowd of 300 Elks and Legionnaires attended the annual Get-together held by Visalia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1298, and Visalia Post No. 18 of the American Legion, an event always anticipated with great eagerness by both organizations. A corned beef and cabbage dinner at 6:30 started the festivities.

The Drum and Bugle Corps of Fresno Post participated in the program and a high class floor show was presented. P.E.R. George J. Tschumy, Past Commander of the Visalia Post, acted as Chairman.

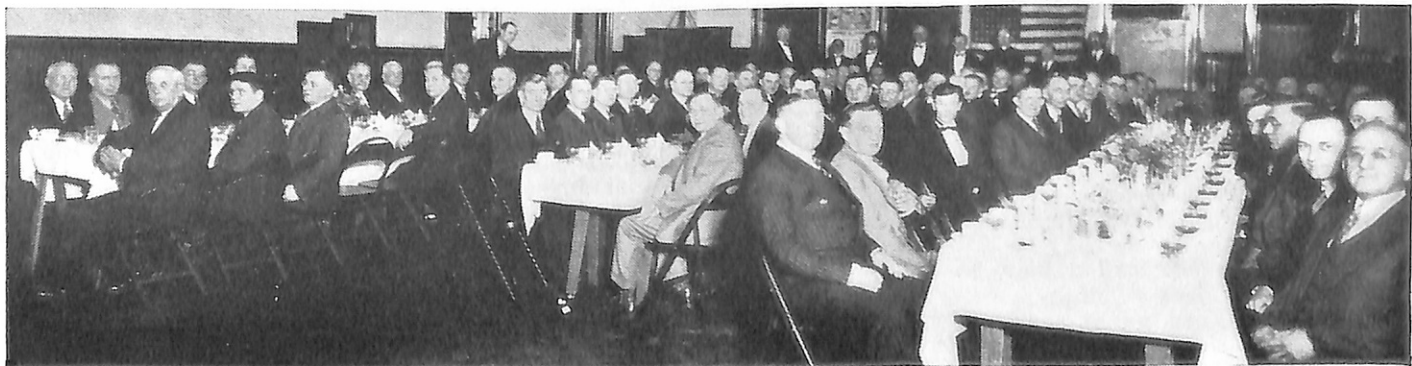
Elks of Donora, Pa., Lodge and their friends, who attended the Lodge's 27th Anniversary Banquet.

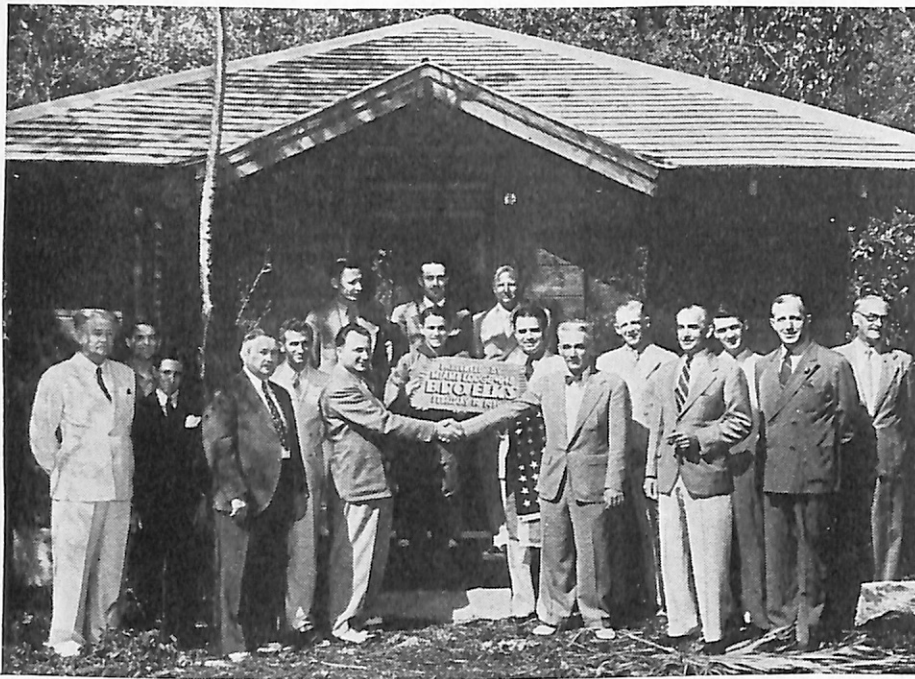
Above: 33 candidates, the Columbus, O., Patrol and Lodge officers photographed at a spectacular initiation held by Columbus Lodge.

Decatur, Ill., Lodge Mourns Passing of P.E.R. Ernest Nattkemper

In the passing of P.E.R. Ernest Nattkemper, Decatur, Ill., Lodge, No. 401, has lost a member who never missed a meeting unless he was out of town or indisposed. His death occurred on his 70th birthday.

Mr. Nattkemper was a former Vice-President of the Illinois State Elks Association. He was Sales Manager for the Decatur Milling Company, and had been a prominent figure in the life of the city for many years. As his travels took him





Left: Those present at the dedication of a Boy Scouts' hut, at the Snapper Creek Boy Scouts' Camp. The hut was presented by Miami, Fla., Lodge at a cost of \$300.

to practically every State in the Union, he was well known to hundreds of members of the Order whose lodges he had visited.

Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge Enjoys a Steady Increase in Membership

Approximately 150 members attended a recent meeting of Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge, No. 347, featured by the initiation of a class of candidates. The lodge added over 100 new members to its rolls last year.

P.E.R. Daniel K. Brennan of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge, was one of the speakers of the evening. At this meeting Roy Marinelli was elevated to the office of Exalted Ruler.

Traffic Patrols of City Schools Guests of Warsaw, Ind., Lodge

Warsaw, Ind., Lodge, No. 802, held its Annual Traffic Safety Night recently. Approximately 80 boys, members of the traffic patrols of the local city schools, were special guests. Chief of Police Raymond W. Neff, Chairman of the Elks Safety Committee, was in charge. An appropriate motion picture was shown, followed by group singing, and refreshments were served.

Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge Officers End Term With Initiation

More than 100 Elks attended a recent meeting of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, which featured an initiation and a social session. E.R. Barney Cott presided at what was the last regular meeting of his term, as the new officers were installed two weeks later. Mr. Cott was succeeded by Milton B. Shafer.

Death of Amos Stafford a Blow to Nebraska City, Neb., Lodge

Amos P. Stafford, a member, since 1907, of Nebraska City, Neb., Lodge, No. 1049, was to have been honored

Gary, Ind., Lodge Presents a Candidate For Grand Trustee

Past Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle will be presented as a candidate for Grand Trustee for a five-year term, by Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, at the Grand Lodge Convention in St. Louis this coming July. Mr. Kyle is a Life Member of Gary Lodge and a member of the Board of Trustees, and is also at present Third Vice-President of the Indiana State Elks Association. In 1935 he was elected Grand Tiler, and in 1936-37 and 1937-38 he rendered splendid service as Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

Mr. Kyle was born in Duncansville, Pa., in 1890. In 1906 he became a student at Valparaiso University in Indiana, graduating two years later. He was first initiated into Whiting, Ind., Lodge, No. 1273, in 1924. He became a member of Gary Lodge by dimit, served as Esquire and, in 1934, having occupied all the Chairs, was elected Exalted Ruler. During his fourteen years as an Elk, he has directed his energy and talents continuously to the interests of the Order. For many years Mr. Kyle has been associated with the industrial activity of Gary and the vicinity. He has served as Sheriff of Lake County and as a member of the Indiana Securities Commission.

Gary Lodge has unanimously passed a Resolution approving Mr. Kyle's candidacy and because of his long service and distinguished record as an Elk, will present his name for the consideration of the Grand Lodge with confidence and pride.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge Bids For World's Fair Visitors

New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, is sponsoring the 32nd Annual New York State Fife and Drum Corps Competition which will take place in New Rochelle on June 10. Indications are that 100 units will participate in the gigantic contest, which will be both colorful and exciting.

Here is an opportunity for Elks living in the New England States, and other World's Fair visitors, to plan a delightful weekend—the Contest on June 10 which falls on Saturday, and the Fair on Sunday. The local lodge is noted for its hospitality, and visitors are assured of a royal welcome. The trip from New Rochelle to the Fairgrounds takes less than an hour.

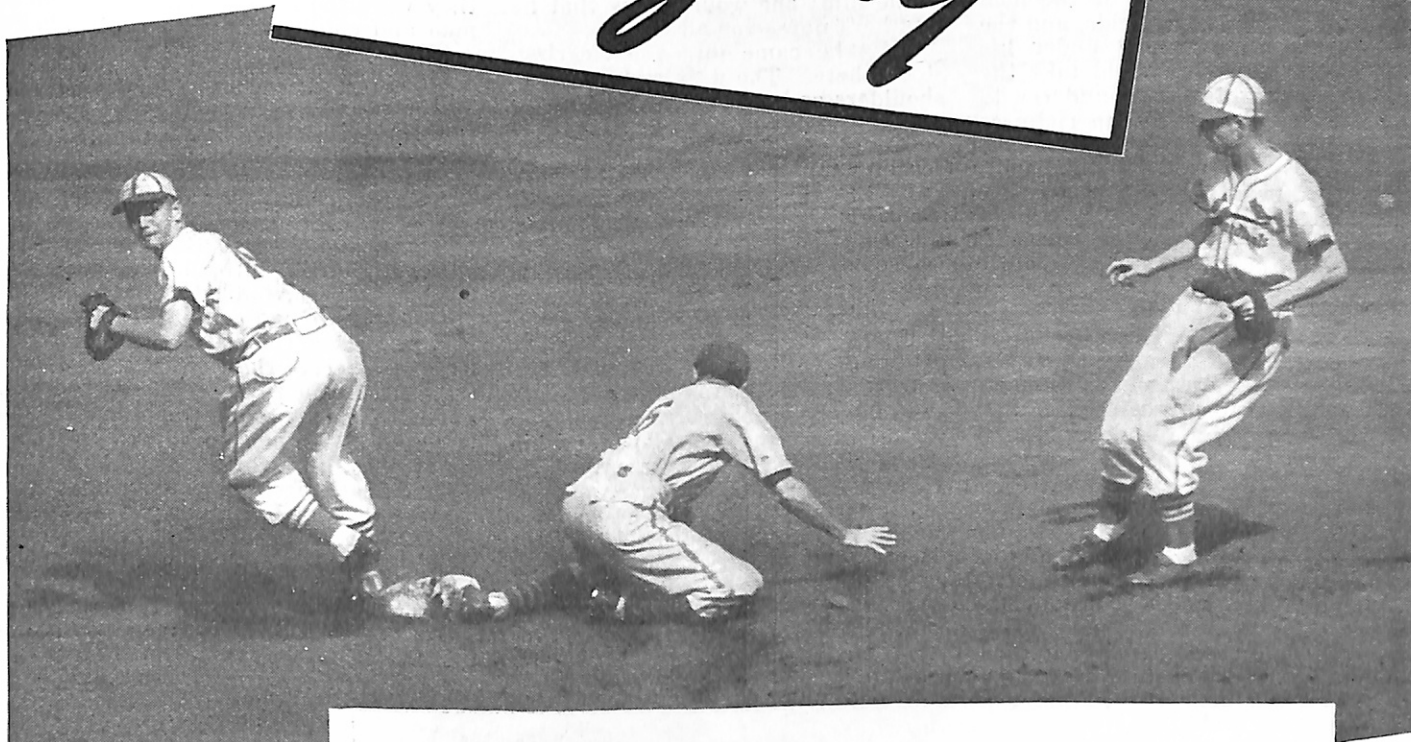
Evanston, Ill., Lodge Presents Fine Minstrel Show in Chicago

E.R. Carl Erikson announces that 6,500 tickets were sold for the Minstrels given in February by Evanston, Ill., Lodge, No. 1316, at the Norshore Theater, Chicago. The fast-moving show was staged in a realistic river setting. The lodge was signally honored in having as Interlocutor, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, who belongs to Moline, Ill., Lodge. Judge Thompson carried along the jokes of the end men and introduced the solo acts like an oldtime professional. Bob James was in charge of the cast.

Credit for capacity houses at both performances is given P.E.R. Clyde Winter and Fred Hartwig, Ticket and Publicity Chairmen respectively. P.E.R. Frank Wohlleber was General Chairman. P.E.R. H. Dyer Bent and Charles H. Hobin were in charge of programs. The Minstrel Show was produced for the benefit of the lodge's Welfare and Charity Fund.

(Continued on page 54)

St. Louis in July



Associated Press
Photo

Above: A spot of action at Sportsman's Park in St. Louis as Stanley Hack of the Chicago Cubs slides into second base during a game with St. Louis' rough and tough "Gas House" gang, the Cardinals.

"SO you're going to stage the biggest and best convention we've ever had," said the Old Member from the depths of a big, air-cushioned chair he reserves at the Elks' Club when he makes his frequent jaunts into St. Louis.

"If any city can do it, St. Louis can," added the Old Member, "but you'll have to go far to surpass some of the reunions I've attended, my boy.

"I can see that you are pretty busy," he continued as several secretaries whisked by, laden with out-going mail, "but just what are you planning to give us when we come here the week of July 10?"

"Well," said the most active member of Lodge No. 9, "let's drop down to reunion headquarters and your old friend Colonel McMahon may give you a better picture of St. Louis' convention attractions."

Jovial Colonel Edmund J. McMahon, his desk littered with charts, pictures and programs, was talking rapidly into a phone. He genially waved the visitors to chairs.

"You don't see how we can limit the number of greeters to 200 young ladies—you say you have more than 1000, one as pretty as the other—well, maybe we will have to appoint some more," said the Colonel, hanging up the receiver.

The Old Member straightened his tie. "What's this about a thousand beautiful young ladies?"

"You know," said the Colonel, gesturing with a huge cigar, "the entire city is planning to make this a notable reunion—and, of course, all of our committees are working at top speed to see that the program moves with precision—"

"I believe you mentioned 1000 pretty girls," interrupted the Old Member.

"And," said the Colonel, blissfully ignoring the Old Member's query, "besides all of the fine ritualistic ceremonies and parades we are planning an extra-curricular

program that will prove mighty attractive to convention-goers."

The Old Member cleared his throat—"What about—"

"We're conducting a city-wide campaign to select the 200 most beautiful girls in the city," continued the Colonel, "and Mayor Dickmann will appoint the girls who are chosen as official receptionists, representing the city of St. Louis."

"That sounds like a good start," said the Old Member.

"Yes, and I believe that Municipal Theater's offering of 'On Your Toes,' a smash musical comedy, opens in St. Louis July 10," Colonel McMahon declared. "Mississippi River steamers also offer pleasant attractions and I understand that auto racing will be conducted at Walsh Memorial Stadium during the convention period, and, as you know, St. Louis has two major league baseball teams.

"Our entertainment committee, under the direction of Charles K. Summersby, is arranging other events for members and their families—and don't forget that St. Louis' golfing facilities are of the finest."

"What about the weather, Colonel?" asked the Old Member.

"According to United States Weather Bureau statistics the average temperature in St. Louis is 77.1 degrees for July and August and St. Louis has a lower average humidity during these months than 19 of 44 principal cities," said Colonel McMahon. "Denver, Colorado, was the only city out of the 44 that has morning, noon, and evening humidity consistently lower than that of St. Louis."

"Thanks, Colonel, and I'll be there when Mayor Dickmann gives the key to the city of St. Louis to the Elks the week of July 10," declared the Old Member as he departed to witness the preliminary judging of countless St. Louis beauties.

Tarry a While

(Continued from page 7)

preacher who rode three hundred miles to make them man and wife.

And then, for four months, it seemed that the fires which lurked in Richard Hammond's breast had been put out by a woman. For he wandered no more, and he shed his buckskins for the homespun of the field worker. He broke the fields, and the soft, black earth turned under his plow. And often he would take the black earth in his hands and try to forget other things in the richness of the soil.

He was happy because he had a fair, proud woman for a wife. At night he sat by the fire with Thomas May and cleaned his rifle and sharpened his flints. When the wolves howled, he closed his ears that he might not hear, and when the wild geese flew south from the northlands, wedge-shaped, he turned away his eyes. That way, a man might be happy and a man might forget that he had ever been a wanderer and a free ranger. But not in four months; a man does not forget in four months.

A time came when he went out to hunt. He had told his wife, "In a day or in two days, I'll be back, with fresh meat and the body of a stag across my shoulders."

His wife, believing in the change, nodded and smiled happily. After all, he was her man now, and his child would be born in six months' time. He would hunt and find meat for her and then he would return.

My grandfather's grandfather went out to hunt. A dozen miles from his home he saw three stag deer. Though his rifle leaped to his shoulder, he didn't fire. Instead, a strange expression came on his face. A long time he stood there, nor did the deer move. He was a creature of the wild, and they recognized him for that.

Then the rifle dropped. His face was contorted, as the face of a man who struggles with himself. Then he plunged into the forest—away from his home.

Who is to say Ellen did not win? A fortnight went past and then my grandfather's grandfather returned. During those days he had been alone in the

forest the question had been decided: he was going home to his wife; he would never leave her again.

Across his shoulders he carried the body of a deer, and on his face was a smile of triumph. His wife would see that smile, and she would not blame him; she would know that he was hers now—for all time.

Then he came into the clearing, stood there. The deer slid from his shoulders and a low moan of terrible animal pain came forth from between the hunter's lips.

WHAT he saw was this: where the cabin had been was a pile of blackened wood and ashes, and in front of that was a new grave. Slowly, afraid with fear he had never known before, he approached the grave and read the words on the little cross. It said: "Thomas May". He sought for another grave but found none.

He went to Boone's stockade. He walked with dragging steps, and his heart was tight with pain. When he entered the stockade, he went to Boone's home. People made way for him, looked at him, but said nothing. What could they say? They had seen this before; they would see it again. It was the price.

He faced Boone, and in his eyes was the question he dared not voice.

"I'm sorry, Richard," Boone said.

"Is she dead?"

"No—they took her with them."

"And you can sit there and tell me that! You are my friend, and you didn't follow them?"

"I followed them, Richard, but they were too many. There are women and children here to protect."

"Who were the Indians?"

"A great war party—Wyandot, Huron, Miami, Shawnee, some Ottawa, I think. They will come back. How can we follow them? When they come back—"

But my grandfather's grandfather waited to hear no more. He took up his rifle, and he left Boone's stockade and plunged into the forest.

Those were troubled times. The hatred of war had come to the west, only it was a thousand times more bitter and cruel than the war in the east. There, men fought for an ideal, but here, they fought for house and home and wife and child. Red man slew white, and white man slew red, and for each deed done there was a deed of revenge until, north to south, the whole border ran with blood. Who was to say when it would stop or when there would be peace or security again?

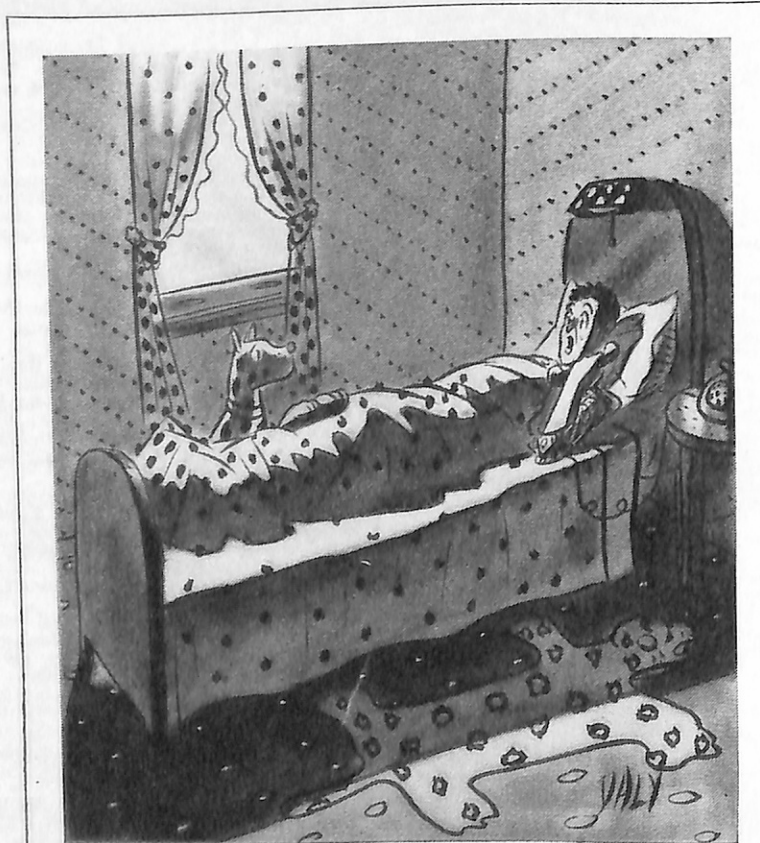
My grandfather's grandfather sought his wife. Tribe to tribe, he searched; among the Ojibways of the farthest north, to the Biloxi of the deep south. Yet he saw no sign of her and heard no word of her.

When he asked, "A tall, fair woman—?" people shrugged. Too many tall, fair women had been taken by the Indians.

That is how he became a killer of men. Many Indians fell beneath his hand, until his name became a dread word among them. That way, he sinned deeply, but those were sinful days and the voices of peace were few and faint.

Such a voice was Johnny Appleseed's, and now I must tell you of Johnny Appleseed, and how my grandfather's grandfather came to know him.

Many months of weary searching had gone by when Richard Hammond stopped to rest at an outlying frontier cabin. At such a cabin white men were a rare and welcome



"Mostly I'm bothered with spots before my eyes."

treat. Meat was set before him, and hot bread, and while he ate, two wide-eyed children watched him shyly, awed by this tall, fierce stranger, yet worshipping him the way children of the time worshipped the hunters and wanderers of the wilderness. And after the children slept, he sat by the fire and talked with the news-hungry mother and father. For hours he talked, telling them every scrap of news that had come his way, and finally he asked his eternal question.

"A woman, tall and fair. Her name was Ellen."

They shook their heads, and he nodded. He had expected that. But the man said to him, "There is one who might know—a man who goes in peace among the Yankees and the Indians. We call him Johnny Appleseed."

"Where can I find him?"

"Here, or a thousand miles away—God knows. A month past he stopped here for the night and planted appleseeds around our house."

"He plants appleseeds?"

"It's his way. He's a religious man, but he takes no gospel to the red men, only talk of love and peace. And he goes where he pleases, among all the tribes, and no man's hand is lifted against him."

"But the appleseeds. He sounds like a madman."

"He's no madman, only a strange man in his own way. He goes before the settlers, and he plants appleseeds so that the wilderness will be fruitful to receive them. There's no telling how many thousands of trees he's planted."

"But how could he find my wife?"

"There are no secrets the Indians have from him."

The next day, when my grandfather's grandfather left, the woman took his hand and begged him, "Find Johnny Appleseed—for the sake of your soul's peace."

So the search for his wife became also a search for a man called Johnny Appleseed, and whether he stopped at a stockade or a cabin, he asked for word of the man.

Most people had heard of him, and many knew him. They directed my grandfather's grandfather. They directed him westward into the bottom lands of the Mississippi.

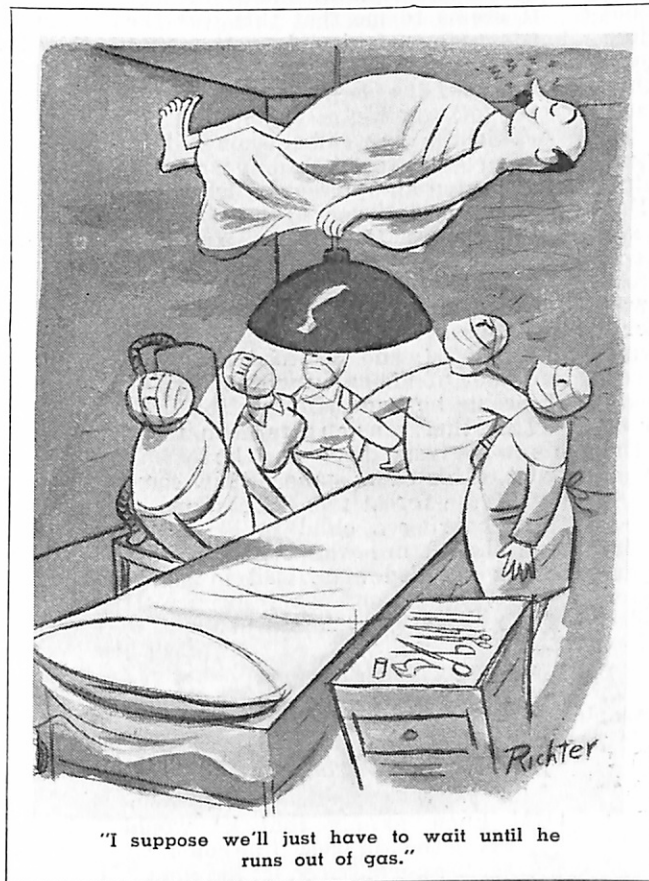
"That's his way," they explained. "He goes before the settlers so that the fruit of the apple tree will greet them."

And he heard other stories, of peace brought, of lives saved, of war parties turned back from the gates

of a stockade, simply by the word of a man.

A year had gone past, and his heart ached with the uselessness of his search. His wife was dead, and even if he found Johnny Appleseed, it would make no difference.

That way, one day in the spring when he came out on a bluff over the Mississippi, he saw the river beneath him and saw near him two small trees



"I suppose we'll just have to wait until he runs out of gas."

that were like balls of snow. And when he went close to them, he saw that they were apple trees in blossom. He rested beneath them, and as he rested a man came out of the forest and approached him.

NOW, this man who approached him was Johnny Appleseed, and perhaps my grandfather's grandfather knew it, so strange did he appear. His garb was a tunic of the roughest homespun, gathered with a rope at the waist and falling to the knees. From that his bare arms and legs protruded, nor did he wear shoes. He was hatless; he bore no arms, only a sack slung over one shoulder and filled with appleseeds, for this was springtime and the best time for planting. His age was not apparent; he might have been thirty or fifty; his hair was long and his beard fell almost to his waist, and his eyes were sparkling bits of blue.

"Who are you?" Richard Hammond whispered.

"They call me Johnny Appleseed." The blue eyes blinked and smiled

their gentle message of compassion.

"I have a little bread," Johnny Appleseed said. "It's old bread, but if you would share it?" Then he sat at the side of my grandfather's grandfather and they broke bread between them, and Richard Hammond's heart no longer burned with revenge and hate.

A long time they sat there, talking sometimes, and sometimes sitting in silence, and in that time my grandfather's grandfather told Johnny Appleseed the story of his search.

"Your heart is filled with hatred," Johnny Appleseed said.

"They killed her father and they took her and her child within her."

"But you evened the score with human blood."

"I killed because my heart was bitter. What is left for me, except to kill?"

"All that is left to any man. Now, listen to me: once it was thus with me, and my heart was filled with hatred for all Indians. And I went among them and killed and sinned. Then once, lost, dying of cold in a snow-storm, an Indian took me in, cared for me. I saw that he was a man. I saw that all men are the same in their love and hate. This is a country for all men, and some day all men will live here together in peace. For that reason I plant these seeds, that the country may be fruitful for all."

"That may be. But the hatred is there in my heart."

"It will go. Will you heed me?"

"I'll heed you."

"Then go back to the land of Kaintuck and build a new house where the old one stood. Take a handful of the seeds and plant them around the house. Then wait for the green shoots to thrust up."

My grandfather's grandfather said, "A man alone would better be a wanderer."

"You have wandered enough," Johnny Appleseed told him gently. "Go home now."

Perhaps Richard Hammond was weary; perhaps he longed for his friends, for the canebrake stretches of Kaintuck. Anyway, he took the seeds from Johnny Appleseed, put them in his pouch, and set off through the wilderness between him and the land of Kaintuck. Many days he traveled, but at last he came to Boone's stockade, laid his long rifle against the wall of Boone's house and sat with Boone by the fire.

"You're back to stay, Richard?" Boone asked him.

"Back to stay," he nodded.

He rebuilt the house himself, and it was such a house as you wouldn't see many of in those times, with great, squared logs for the walls, and a hearth that could roast a whole deer at once. But before he built the house he planted the seeds, carefully, in a long line from the front. When people asked him who would live in the house, whether he would take another wife, and what he was planting, he answered, "It's a chore for Johnny Appleseed, I guess."

Most people thought he had become a little mad from all the time he had been alone in the wilderness. And my grandfather's grandfather let them think that, for he wasn't at all certain that he was not becoming a little mad. Boone begged him to take another wife, knowing that a man shouldn't live alone. But Richard Hammond said, "We'll see when the appleseeds sprout."

And then he waited.

Now, I do not doubt that it was a terrible thing for my grandfather's grandfather to be waiting that way, and if you think of how it was, you will see why. For here was a man of action, a hunter and a ranger of the wilderness, tied down by the word of a man who might very well be mad.

But Richard Hammond waited. Through everything, he had that picture of a man of peace, a ragged,

bearded man, unarmed, yet free to go among the tribes and preach his message of peace. He waited and he watched the seeds he had planted, and while he watched thus, seeking a sprig of green from where the seeds lay, he had a picture of what might be some day in this wilderness. He had a picture of a great civilization, many thousands of men living in peace, and everywhere was the ruddy fruit of the seeds Johnny Appleseed had planted.

It seems to me that this was the hardest time of his life, yet in that time the hate was bred out of his heart.

At last a day came when a tiny sprig of green poked up where he had planted an appleseed, just a tiny sprig, almost like a blade of grass, nothing more than that. Yet that night he slept with a peaceful heart.

After that, the waiting was harder. Days passed, and the summer drew to a close. He took in the crops he had planted, and he lined the walls and floor of his cabin with the skins of beasts he had slain.

Then there was an afternoon, when his work was done, and he sat in front of his cabin—and he saw come out of the forest two figures, one of them bearing a child in his arms. And that figure who bore the child was a bearded man, clad in home-

spun, and the other was a woman.

Nowadays, the red man and the white live together, and old legends are forgotten, so who is to say how Johnny Appleseed found the wife of my grandfather's grandfather? It is enough that he found her. Perhaps the birds told him, the same birds that spared his appleseeds for the fruit they would bring.

There was much the man and wife had to say to each other, and while they spoke, Johnny Appleseed played with the child. And when at last they tried to thank him, he was preparing to go. It was not easy for them, my grandfather's grandfather and his wife to pour out their thanks; words came hard. But they made him understand that the debt was great. Then they begged him to stay with them—at least for the night.

He shook his head. "There is much planting to do," he said. Then he stared at the child, smiled, and considered; then he said, "When he comes of age and the fruit is ready for the picking, let him do a chore for me. Let him plant the seeds of an apple."

Then he shouldered his bag of seeds, smiled on them and went his way.

And my grandfather's grandfather watched Johnny Appleseed disappear into the forest.

Trail's End

(Continued from page 23)

Lum Williams sat very still. What he had seen in the kid's face might have been portent. Bradley blood was wild as it had ever been. Lum arose, went into the house, buckled his heavy revolver about his waist and made a pack.

The kid couldn't run away from Smokey. He could run for days, or even weeks, but he couldn't hide from the dog that worshipped him, and for him had become the perfect thing that he was. Lum dragged Smokey from the kennel by the scruff of his neck and on the end of a rope took him down to Sarneci's cabin. From there on the tawny pup was wild to go. He picked up the kid's trail, danced a moment on frantic feet that wanted to run and unhesitatingly struck up the mountain in back of the cabin.

Lum followed. After seventy-three years in the Wabata hills he could get around almost as well by night as by day. He could hear Smokey snuffing in the brush ahead, but he couldn't see him. When they were half-way up the mountain he called Smokey in and again tied the rope about the dog's neck. Lum knew well that Smokey might run to the kid and he couldn't take chances with the only instrument he had that would bring a killer to justice.

Lum knew grimly that he would bring the kid back if he could. Of course, if he wanted to let his imagination run away with him, he might have started thinking how the man who had three hours start on him was only the kid who had lived with him all winter, and a kid who was kind to hounds and had a way with them. Lum was the law in Wabata, and few criminals had ever escaped him.

He traveled until one o'clock in the morning, then camped until daylight. The kid would probably run all night, but he was young and didn't know any better. There wasn't much sense in running when you figured that you might have to run a thousand miles if you ran all the way, but no kid would think of that.

As soon as it was daylight Lum rebuilt his fire, ate breakfast, gave Smokey as much as he himself ate and started on again. He didn't need a leash on the hound when he could see him. If Smokey started to break he could whistle him back. Lum wondered if the pup would be so eager to run if he knew to what they were going to bring the kid back. It was funny in a way, but it didn't ever make any difference to a dog what its master had done.

At noon Lum came to the ashes

of a fire where a rabbit—probably killed with a stone—had been cooked. The ashes certainly were not more than three hours old. Lum shook his head. The kid had traveled and he had rested, and still the kid was just about as far ahead as he had been when they started. Smokey whined in protest when Lum stopped again to eat. But Smokey was young, too, and didn't know much about a real test of endurance. This might be a long trail.

Lum rested that night among some wild bluffs that marked the deep Wabata wilderness. He wouldn't have stopped at all if he hadn't been so weary. There was deep magic in campfires. They were likely to conjure up visions that an officer on the trail of an outlaw was better off without. Such visions only hurt, and Lum wouldn't have known how to do anything except what he was doing. It was simple. The kid was a killer and Lum was an officer. Therefore he would bring the kid back to justice if he was able to catch him. If the kid was able to get away that would be all right and the kid's good luck.

When he was rested, Lum went on again. It lacked some hours of daylight, but an old man who knew how to conserve his energy didn't need as

much sleep as a young one who wasted it. Smokey was more restless now, and more anxious. During the night they must have gained some on the kid. Lum walked steadily, and the revolver at his side was tightly buttoned into its holster. The kid didn't have a gun.

Lum wasn't tired when night came, so he walked on into the middle of it. Then, with Smokey tied to a tree, he made his camp as before.

Having made camp at midnight, he slept well into dawn. Smokey started out on the morning of the third day with his nose in the air, instead of to the ground, and a frown of worry creased Lum's brow. He had gained considerably on the kid. Smokey was following body scent now instead of trail scent. But the kid had made a good run, and he had showed sense in one respect: he hadn't wasted any time trying to hide his trail. Nothing that left a trail could hide it from Smokey, and the kid knew it as well as Lum.

LUM speculated idly on what the kid might have done. He might have walked a long way in water; that would have covered his trail for the time being, but nobody can walk forever in water and Smokey would have found where he came out. Nothing the kid could do on his tracks would stop Smokey. There was only one thing the kid could do that would definitely put an end to pursuit. He could wait until the dog was almost upon him and fire the woods. If the smoke didn't ruin Smokey's nose, the flame would forever put an end to it. Fire would wipe out the kid's trail completely.

Lum came to a long, natural meadow that was knee-deep in stunted laurel and sweet fern. There was a small grove of stunted jackpines at the farther end. Smokey danced at the edge of the meadow, and with pleading eyes looked back, begging for the word that would let him plunge ahead. The kid might just as well have left a sign saying he was in the jackpines. Holding the dog close, Lum plunged into the meadow.

The kid would be his prisoner in fifteen minutes, and Lum would take him back to answer for the thing he had done. They didn't hang every killer, of course, and old Charley Maginnis' testimony might get the kid off with a term in the pen. But Sarneci had a lot of friends and . . .

The meadow was a fine place for a fire. If it started now, neither Lum nor Smokey would get away without burns, and Smokey would never again trail the kid or anything else. Lum looked at the jackpines, and brushed a hand across his eyes. The damn fool kid. . . . Oh, why didn't he have sense enough to start it!

The kid leaned indolently against one of the jackpines when Lum came up. Whining with joy, Smokey flung himself on the kid and caressed him with eloquent muzzle. He raced around the kid, barking happily. Then he threw himself across the kid's feet and stared into his face:

"Don't run, kid," Lum said.

"I'm not runnin'," the kid said, still bashfully.

The kid stooped and took Smokey's long ears in his left hand. It was only then that Lum saw what the other held. It was a match, a half-

burned match, and it had burned itself clear down between the kid's scorched fingers.

THREE days later old Lum Williams reappeared in Wabatasa, alone. He was not inclined to talk, and even Sarneci's closest friends did not press him too far. Lum gave two efficient men in uniform of the state police a sketchy account of what had happened.

"I caught him," Lum said. "But he got my gun, took the hound and they went off together."

"Where was it?" the police inquired.

"About twenty miles south of Alder Springs on Cherry Ridge," Lum lied. "I'm resignin' as constable. Too old, I guess."

Because the kid had made a good run and led him as far or farther than any other man he had ever chased, Lum was tired. Jude, his old hound, came to sit on the porch beside him as the shadows of twilight again brought memories of what had been in Wabatasa. Lum pulled the old dog's ears and stroked her neck.

"He ain't really bad," Lum whispered to Jude. "He's just a Bradley an' he needs room."

Jude thrust her velvety muzzle deeper into Lum's cupped hand.

"He wouldn't burn out Smokey's nose," Lum continued. "Not even to save himself from hangin'. He did get the gun, but I sort of made him. They lit out for the big woods; all hell can't catch 'em now. But he ain't really bad. Sarneci kicked Smokey an' shot at him first. That's a killin' offense in any man's country."

The Fate of Your Pate

(Continued from page 17)

Got all that? Okay. Now we get to something that has a lot to do with baldness, more directly.

Each follicle is provided with a twisty little bunch of cells known as a sebaceous gland, that produces a fine (or, if diseased, inferior) grade of hair-wax. Don't forget the sebaceous gland!

White folks and Negroes have about 1,000 hair-follicles to every square inch of scalp. Monkeys, about the same. Chinamen, God bless 'em, have less. With the average scalp having about 120 square inches, that means about 120,000 hairs to a white man's head of hair, with all sails set. Beautiful blondes have 140,000, or even better. Redheads have the least of all, with counts running as low as 90,000. The origin of redheads is regarded as somewhat questionable, anyway. The tendency is to point a finger at their far ancestors as adventurous fellows, who wormed their way into distant lands and either

slugged or seduced the ladies of their enemies.

Until recently, it was supposed that hair grew out to its full length, whatever that might be, and then hung on like a sailor. We know better than that now. A succession of hairs come from the same follicle and no one of them lives for more than a few years anyway. After growing to full length, at the rate of about half an inch a month, each hair presently falls out, and, if all is well, is replaced by its successor. Even a healthy scalp sheds normally from 30 to 100 hairs a day.

The big trick is to keep the new hairs coming along. Boy! If we could only do that! If we could only keep our thousands of follicles from going out of business! Then no one could ever say, "How thin your hair is getting on top!" But the sad fact is that one follicle after another quietly decides to start a sit-down strike, and never works again. There

are few men (or women, either) in America today who have not something like twenty-five percent less hair on their scalps at thirty than they had when they were twenty.

To prevent these follicle-strikes we try tinctures and tonics and scalp rubs and vibrators. They all guarantee miraculous results; few, if any, ever produce them. Little by little the hair thins out, regardless. From 1,000 active follicles to the square inch, the number can shrink to 250 or less, before the change even becomes particularly noticeable.

No one knows, yet, just what causes baldness. Different books on hair give you conflicting theories. Underneath these theories, fortunately, there's a certain amount of known fact.

The easiest theory of baldness is that it's hereditary.

Monkeys, according to an English scientist named Edward Lawrence, show unmistakable traces of the

same forms of baldness that bother Elks. He finds fine cases of high-brow baldness in the saki monkey, *cacajao rubicundus*, of South America. Also in some of the orangutans. Baboons of the Celibes and other eastern islands specialize in the wedge-shaped baldness pattern. Crown baldness, the little white spot that first appears right on top of your head, is found among the toque monkeys; also in the pig-tailed macaque and the red-backed saki. Graying of hair, and even shape of mustaches, can also be traced back to the upper branches of the family. The South American marmoset, known as mystax imperator, sports splendid mustaches of the curved handle-bar variety and in many ways resembles closely our dashing human villains of showboat days.

There are also beardless lady monkeys whose husbands have fine beards, just as with the early settlers in the Ohio Valley.

As a complete explanation of baldness, however, heredity doesn't satisfy. You may be bald in the same way that your grandpappy was, but you don't have to be. All you inherit is the tendency to be bald. If you set about offsetting the inherited condition early enough, you may sidestep it.

Derbies, and other close-fitting hats, have received a lot of attention as hair-killers, because they interfere with the circulation of blood in the scalp. Something in that. Indoor work also tends to make your hair drop out, according to Dr. Oscar Levin of the Cornell University Medical College. Figures show there are twice as many cases of baldness among students, white-collar men and research scientists as there are among outdoor workers.

An unusual shock can make your hair fall out. Nervous strain and emotional excitement do a certain amount of damage to the scalp, as to all the rest of the body. Anxiety, jealousy, bursts of temper may play at least a small part in producing bad hair conditions. While there are no authenticated cases on record of "hair turning white in a night", as a result of fright, there are many known cases of grayness following shortly after periods of strain or sickness. Not long ago, according to Dr. Morgan Dockrell, physician to St. John's hospital in London, an English boy was brought in after being thrown from a swing. Although all other results of the accident seemed negligible, his hair fell out during the next day or two. Piles of it would

be lying on his pillow when he woke up in the morning.

Glandular theories of baldness are the latest. Hair doctors talk confidently of "hyper-pituitary types" and "subnormal thyroids". There is no doubt that hair-growth can be definitely affected by glandular action, but just what that action is, no one yet knows.

Whatever the causes of baldness



may be, once it's there, it's there, and nothing can be done about it.

Until recently, even this was doubted, and many and fearful have been the attempts to redecorate the roof. Re-planting bald heads has been a recurrent dream. A Dr. Jacob Parsegan of San Francisco developed a hair-planting operation which consisted of puncturing the skin and planting hair in the punctures, like prune trees. A Budapest physician, Dr. Szekely, tried sewing ladies' hair into bald male scalps, 1,200 to the square inch, with fine gold wire. The work went forward at the rate of nearly a whole square inch an hour, with anæsthetics. Inflammation was said to subside rapidly, and all soreness would disappear before—or until—the bill came in.

"HAIR migration" is one of the most fascinating theories of all. The idea is, roughly, that our keratin-apparatus produces about four or five ounces of hair a year, regardless of sex, all through life. In the case of long-haired women, all this keratin is used up in growing a fine crop of hair on the head, while the rest of the body remains relatively hairless. American Indians, the same way. On the other hand, according to the theory, if the scalp follicles go out of business, the keratin seeks other

outlets, and rudimentary follicles in other fairly promising areas, like the manly chest, are hastily developed. So presently you see the man who was captain of his football team at college developing a fine chestful of hair in middle age, while his head becomes bald as an ivory elephant.

This hair-migration theory is held firmly by George Nessler, inventor of an instrument called the Keroscope for weighing and measuring hair. He believes that hair is weakened by being cut. Of 5,000 bobbed and long-haired women questioned by him during 1925 and 1926, he says eighty-seven percent of those bobbed from childhood reported extra-area hair-growth (legs and like that) while only seven percent of the long hairs were troubled that way. We'll get to how that works in a minute.

Whatever the particular reason for baldness may be, it's evident that it means an interruption of the old-hair-out, new-hair-in cycle. Nessler explains it this way:

As each hair grows longer, it pulls harder and harder on the hair-root or bulb anchored in the follicle. The elastic sides of the follicle refuse to let go. But gradually the bulb is pulled up towards the surface,

like a grapefruit in a Christmas stocking. As the bulb is pulled away from the papilla which nourishes it, a new hair starts to form underneath, shoving the old bulb still farther upward. Presently the old hair falls or is pushed completely out of the follicle and the new sprout is ready to take its place.

But if the old hair falls out, or is pulled out too soon there is danger that the sebaceous gland—remember the sebaceous gland?—will discharge so much wax into the follicle that the new little hair can't push through and the cycle is broken.

Since a new hair usually takes 70 days or more to grow long and strong enough to push out into the light, and since wax discharged by the sebaceous gland has a tendency to harden, this reasoning seems logical.

Cutting hair short, Nessler thinks, tends to weaken the gripping power of the follicle containing it, because of the reduction of the natural pulling. Follicles won't hang onto hairs as hard as they can if they're not kept vigorous and active by having plenty of work to do.

Now, let's look at the hair conditions and treatments, that all doctors agree upon as likely to postpone baldness, or prevent it altogether.

Obviously, your head must be kept healthy. The skin is stretched so

tightly over the skull that circulation is not at its best in the scalp. This is supposed to account for the fact that baldness usually begins on top of the head, while hair remains longest just above the neck or in a tasty fringe above the ears. Bad health, or any one of a variety of skin diseases, may cause the important little sebaceous glands to discharge too much wax, or wax that is too oily, or not enough wax. The better the circulation, through the scalp and everywhere else, the less likely bad sebaceous-gland conditions are to occur.

Dandruff is made of tiny flakes of wax that form around the base of hairs or around bits of old skin coming loose from the scalp. It may precede a bad condition of hair-loss and follicle-closing. It is more likely to indicate that such a condition has already existed for some time. In any case, it means a rather dirty and somewhat unhealthy scalp-state. You'd better avoid it. Most dandruff removers are likely to make matters worse, instead of better, because they merely dissolve the surplus wax and melt it back onto the scalp, leaving things worse than before.

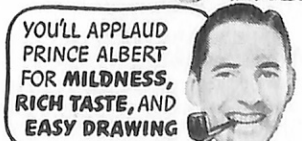
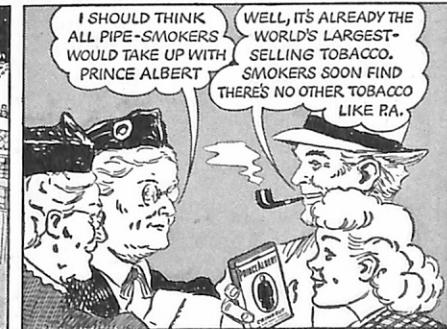
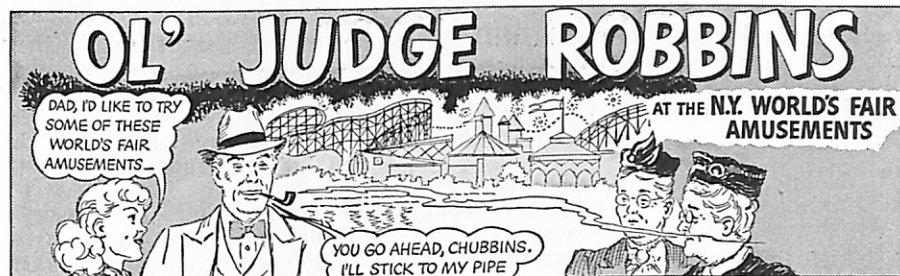
With any bad scalp condition—dandruff, scalp too oily or scalp too dry, too much wax or too little—the best rule is to play safe and consult a good doctor.

Don't take your barber's word for the proper treatment, because he just plain doesn't know. Even the best doctors, unfortunately, know little enough—but at least they know a lot more, nowadays, than your barber does.

There are three rules for home scalp treatment that supplement the if-your-scalp-isn't-healthy-consult-a-doctor idea. They may make all the difference between your having a glistening dome before you're forty and an attractive thatch until you're old enough not to care. They all three help keep the follicles elastic, help keep the blood-circulation of the scalp good, help keep the sebaceous glands healthy—which also helps prevent dandruff.

RULE One: Keep your scalp clean. Your hair collects dust and dirt just the way the rest of your body does. Only more so. You know how the back of your neck gets if you don't wash it for a week; it's the same with the top of your head. Brushing tends to remove a certain amount of dust and dirt, and some of the excess wax that gradually forms on top of the scalp, but it's no substitute for washing. Washing your hair thoroughly at least once every week is fine medicine. Luke-warm or even cool water is safest.

Recently certain investigators have begun to question the effectiveness of some kinds of soap, from the standpoint of skin and scalp health, but no one has yet ever pointed a finger at common or garden water. So—washing the hair thoroughly with water, rubbing the head until it



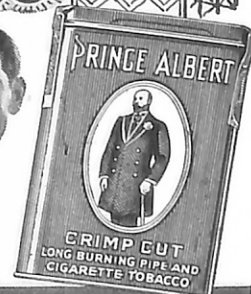
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is clean, rinsing it thoroughly with still more water, and then rubbing it some more until it is dry, is universally agreed upon as good scalp business.

RULE Two: Give your scalp plenty of exercise.

Brushing is excellent. Mother's advice to daughter in the gay nineties—100 brushings, morning and night—is sound. Rubbing and massage—provided you observe the precaution given in the next paragraph—are splendid. It is usually considered better to brush your hair or to rub it with the grain rather than against it. From the top of your

head downward, that is, rather than from the sides toward the top. The shorter your hair is cut, the less attention you need to pay to the direction of the massage, and the more brushing and rubbing you need.

RULE Three: Don't be too rough.

Avoid subjecting your hair or scalp to too great shock or strain. Pulling hair violently, yanking through snarls with a fine-toothed comb, may cause some follicles to go out of business before new hairs are ready to come along. In the same way, an unaccustomed scalp may be shocked by too great changes in temperature, such as taking a cold

shower when you're heated. That's one reason doctors recommend using luke-warm water first and changing to cold gradually. In the matter of massage, the more the better, *provided your hair and scalp can stand it without damage*. Don't start in any violent rubbing or massage treatment too suddenly. In rubbing, brushing and everything else, give your scalp only a little more than it's been accustomed to. Then gradually work up to the degree of treatment that will insure a good, healthy scalp and produce the exclamation that, when overheard, makes you feel so warm and sheepish:

"He has such lovely hair!"

Get-away Money

(Continued from page 13)

You lose the man that took it. You lose him twice. I don't like carnivals and I'm going home."

"I'll have your money for you in the morning, Mary. Honest. Along with the crook that's got it."

"Won't that be nice?" she answered and threw in the clutch. The car lurched and rolled. Eddie lay still. His dazed mind offered no better plan. If he rose, the girl would surely scream and perhaps in her terror, wreck the car. If he spoke, ever so reassuringly, it probably would be as bad. The door beside him rattled. The girl asked in a quiet voice, "Would you mind shutting it? I don't think it's latched."

He could not move or speak.

"It's quite all right," she told him.

"I saw you get in."

Eddie shook off amazement's palsy. He rose and slammed the door. Then he sat, still speechless, behind her and watched the bright road run toward them. All he could say, after tremendous groping, was, "Thanks."

Maybe he had hit his head. Maybe this was delirium from which he would emerge to find Kalmus shaking him and Buck bawling in his ear. He watched the dark outline of her head against the windshield, fixing it forever in his memory.

She had spoken again. He cleared his throat and answered as lightly as he could.

"Hurt? Just my ankle. Your—" he gagged over the fateful word and forced himself to utter it—"your boy-friend plays rough."

"He's my step-brother," she said eagerly. "He's married. We run the farm on shares. I'm Mary Walker."

"I had half of that already," he told her. "I'm a quick study."

Her small laugh took his breath again. He watched trees whirl through the light beam's rim and found he had so much to say that he could not speak at all.

They halted where a stone house

crowded the highway. Across the road were monumental barns.

"I live here," she told him, and got out. A streak of pain ran up his leg as he followed. She was taller than she had seemed beside the hulking MacPherson. She said, "It's only a mile to the junction. The limited stops there at midnight."

Eddie answered hoarsely.

"You've been—swell. Sometime, I'd like to try to thank you. Good-bye."

He took a limping step. She got in his way. Her face shone in the car's reflected light. Her speech was blurred by haste.

"I could drive you down later. If—if you'll come in, we'll see to that ankle."

SHE turned and switched off the lamps. Marvin's heart had lodged in his throat.

"You've done enough—"

An approaching car spread light about them. Brakes squealed as it drew abreast. A voice called, "Hi, Buck. Goin' in to the carnival?"

After a brief silence, the questioner said lamely, "My mistake. Well—g'night, Mary."

He drove on toward town. The girl told Eddie, "Come in before there are more mistakes."

"I—" he began, and gagged. Derision marked her voice.

"You needn't be so noble. The hired man and his wife sleep in the ell. They'll hear my very first scream."

Coffee bubbled on the stove and filled a shining kitchen with comforting fragrance. Eddie looked up from his half-bandaged ankle. Mary sat with her hands locked on the table, watching him.

Strangeness had fled. It was wholly right that he should be here with the smell of coffee in the air and a table between them. He bent to his bandaging again and forced

himself to pick up the half-uttered story her shy questions had incited. Already, with wry brevity, he had spread before her most of the shabby tale—his parents' death, his boyhood on circus and carnival lots, his graduation into four-a-day vaudeville, his fight for foothold in the legitimate theater.

"So I signed up with this summer theater company. We aimed to elevate the drama in a cowbarn while the cattle were in pasture. We should have waited till they had come back. Then we'd have had an audience. Well, we didn't last long. I was thumbing it back to New York when I found Kalmus. He ran a shell game himself before he got cash and morals. Then, today, comes this wire from Wally Flint. There's a spot for me in the 'Happy Days' production if I can get to Manhattan quick. Will Kalmus stake me? He will not. So I try for get-away money."

He checked himself, grunted and fumbled in his pocket.

She caught his hand as he began to lay bills upon the table. The pressure of her palm set his heart to hammering on his ribs.

"No," she said. "Please, no. It was milk money. Let Buck pay for his fun. You won it fairly."

She added as though the question were hard to utter, "You did, didn't you?"

The look on her face shook him. He began slowly, "It's a crooked game, but I played it straight. My hands were too stiff for monkey business. I took MacPherson because he was too smart."

"I shouldn't say so."

"But he was. It's the dumb ones who're hardest to fool. It's hard to lead 'em."

"Lead them?" She seemed to have forgotten that her hand still rested on his. He spoke quickly, lest she remember. "Indirection does it. You

pretend to hide what you want the sucker to see. He thinks he's out-guessing you. Indirection is behind all magic. In card tricks, the smart guy always chooses the card he believes you don't want him to have. It's easy to take a mug like Buck. Let him think you're hiding something, and he dives for it. I was glad of that. I'm too rusty to try to gyp."

She had withdrawn her hand but its warmth remained on Eddie's knuckles and about his heart. He said in a husky voice, "That was one reason I played straight. Besides that—somehow I couldn't be crooked while you were watching me."

Her eyes held fast to his, prompting, daring him.

"Maybe I'm just goofy," Eddie told her at last, "but that's the way it is."

It hurt to see her, sitting so stiff and still with that odd smile stamped on her white face. He went on in a breathless voice.

"I haven't any words for it, unless I steal all the poetry I've read, but nothing ever will be the same again for me. Does that make any sense at all?"

She whispered, too, holding the table's edge so tightly that her fingers were scarlet-tipped. He did not know whether she was going to laugh or cry.

"It does, because—because, you see, I feel like that, too."

FOR a recent juvenile lead his technique was lamentable. He tripped over his chair, bumped into the table, then his arms found her. The slight, soft body was close to his. It trembled and the room tipped and a glory hung about the workaday kitchen lights. From far off, he heard himself saying, "Mary, Mary." She raised her mouth.

He held her at arms' length, at last, and looked into her unsteady face as though sight were needed to confirm this wonder. His voice rocked.

"We're crazy, both of us. Completely screwy."

"I know," she told him, and laughed. "And isn't it simply swell?"

Fear that was sanity's brother laid hold on him. He said, and loathed each word, "Will you wait? I'm nothing much better than a hobo now, but—"

She nodded toward the money on the table. She faltered, "That's enough for my ticket. We'll go together."

He watched her face, shining as though from an inner fire. Then he shook his head.

"No. Waiting's best. And don't argue. It's tough enough as it is."

"I'll wait," she promised, "until you wire that you have the part. Then I'm coming to New York—"

After a little, she whispered in his ear, "Would I be a bold hussy if I asked your name?"

It seemed that only minutes had passed before Mary looked at her wristwatch and held it to her ear.

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This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

"If it's right," she said, "and it seems to be, we must go. We can't afford to have you miss the Limited."

He limped after her into the dark front hall. Beside the door, she turned. Light from the kitchen dwelt upon her.

"Tell me goodbye," she whispered. "There'll be people at the junction."

Feet clumped on the porch. Someone knocked. The sound beat on Marvin's heart. He stared at Mary. She asked, at last, "Who's there?"

"It's Buck. Let me in."

She searched Eddie's stricken face as though she hoped to find an answer there.

"It's—it's late, Buck. I can't see you tonight."

"Late," MacPherson snorted. "Too late, b'God, to have a carnival crook in there, Mary."

Marvin felt cold sweat prickle along his spine.

"Buck," the girl said, "you're drunk."

"Drunk," he bawled. "Ask the sheriff. He's with me. We know that rat is here. Randy Wilson saw him and you gettin' out of your car."

Eddie said, his mouth close to Mary's ear, "I'll ease out the back way. I can't have you smeared, Mary. Keep 'em talking for a minute."

He touched her cheek with his lips and hobbled toward the kitchen.

"No," she called and halted him. The doorknob rattled.

"He's here yet," Buck called. "She just spoke to him."

Mary clung to Marvin's sleeve. She whispered, "Even if you get away, you'll miss the train. That ankle—"

"What else?" he asked and shrugged. She went on, in a sibilant rush of speech. The front door creaked. Eddie gave a wan grin. "You're the tops," he muttered and limped away. A calmer voice beyond the portal counseled, "Have some

sense, Mary. Fella's been gamblin' and that's against the law. We got a warrant for him, swore out proper and legal by this carnival proprietor."

"Have you?" the girl asked, and scanned the now empty hall. "You gentlemen think of everything, don't you?"

Buck roared.

"Will you open that door or do I bust it in?"

"I'll open it," said Mary.

HER slippery fingers fumbled with the key. Buck's weight thrust the portal inward, almost oversetting her. She fled and stood at the foot of the stairway to the upper floor, looking from MacPherson's glowering bulk to the smaller, dry man in black beside him. The intruders blinked in the light from the open kitchen door.

"Buck," Mary said in a clear voice, "he's been hurt. He—"

"Where is he?" MacPherson blurted.

"Buck," she begged and backed upstairs, spreading her arms to block the way. "You won't—"

"Won't I?" her stepbrother asked with a wide grin. "Get off those stairs before I haul you."

MacPherson plodded ominously upward. The sheriff followed. Still pleading, the girl retreated. At last, she wheeled and ran. Buck pursued. At the stair top he found and turned a switch. In light that poured down from a chandelier, Mary stood before a closed door in the upper hall. The sheriff thrust her aside and turned the knob.

"Locked," he said.

"Gimme the key," Buck bade her. She smiled into his swollen face.

"No. Wait till morning. He—"

He bared his teeth.

"All right," he told her and threw his weight against the door. Beneath his shoulder, a panel gave

inward with a creaking crash. The sheriff flinched. Buck shouted through the breach, "Coming out, or do I drag you?"

The sound of a starting motor reached Mary. She clenched her fists and waited, but the two who stared at the shattered door did not seem to hear.

"No real call," said the sheriff, awed by the wreckage, "to bust things up like this, Buck."

MacPherson snorted. "My house as much as hers. I'll tear it down if I have to."

He kicked at the shattered lock until it burst, and thrust the door inward with a grunt. They heard him flounder about the chamber. At last he said blankly, "He ain't in here."

Mary turned on the room's lights. Her face was haggard but her eyes sparkled. She said in a mild voice, "I told you, but you wouldn't listen."

Buck cried, clutching the fragments of his fury, "He's downstairs."

She shook her head.

"He was, but he isn't. I gave him coffee and he left—some time ago."

Buck plunged down the stair. She followed more slowly. He stood in the empty kitchen. Midnight's air blew cool and fresh through the open back door. Buck glared at her. He snarled, "You said he was upstairs. What for?"

"No," she answered. Her voice lilted and there were small creases of mirth about her eyes and lips. "No, Buck. I said he wasn't. Just a matter of indirection, Buck, but you wouldn't know about that."

He breathed hard. Behind her, the sheriff asked dryly, "What's the money for?"

The girl picked up the sheaf of bills. She answered as she folded them, "It's twenty-five dollars that belongs to me. It's get-away money."

They heard the Limited's shrill whistle, hooting for the junction.

Tricks of the Trade

(Continued from page 9)

Since victories and championships have a definite trade-in value at the box-office, his incentive for winning is all the more urgent. Circumvention of the rules—all right; foul play cannot be condoned, but it can be understood when a pro is in a tough spot and he is losing his livelihood. The amateur has absolutely no excuse for attempting to win illegally, no matter how high the prize at stake. Theoretically, he should be magnanimous and the soul of honor. Sure, he wants to win; that's the big idea. But the fate of nations does not hang upon an international golf, tennis or yachting trophy, and is not the exercise just as exhilarating in a lost, but well-played game?

It was most refreshing to hear Mr. Joe Jacobs bleat, "We wuz robbed!" into a microphone several years ago after his man, Max Schmeling, lost the heavyweight championship and a potential half-million dollars to Jack Sharkey on a questionable decision. Far better than listening to the thinly veiled insinuations of pampered, pompous amateurs—men and women—that their opponents were lucky stiff to win.

This is not to imply that professionals are not above pulling a fast one. It is the spirit in which their tricks are done, and accepted, that makes the amateurs look like such shoddy sportsmen. Let's take identical instances of sharp practices.

A dozen years ago the Pittsburgh Pirates were suspected of taking unfair advantage of visiting National League teams. The gag was that the Pirates, with the fastest team in the league, sprinkled their infield so excessively that an ordinary ground ball was retarded by the wet grass and a perfect play was required to throw out a swift Pittsburgh player at first base. The stratagem probably helped Pittsburgh win two pennants, but the opposition lodged no protest. The opposition, in fact, regarded it as a pretty smart stunt, although it might have meant a difference of \$200,000 to a contending ball club and its players. No other team, incidentally, went to the trouble of let-

ting the sun bake its home field to the hard consistency of concrete when Pittsburgh came to town.

Skip five years. It is 1932; the United States is threatening to relieve France of the Davis Cup. Ellsworth Vines, America's ace, has just swept through Wimbledon without the loss of a set and is a sure thing to blast Borotra and Cochet off the court with his devastating cannon-ball service and his unanswerable drives. It is a critical moment for La Belle France. What to do to stop the terrible Vines? Voila! A capital idea, a sheer stroke of genius!

The center court at Roland Garros Stadium is entirely dug up. An underground sprinkling system is installed. The court is watered all night before play in the Challenge Round commences. The villainous Vines can hardly stand up in the morass. His shots lose their deadly effectiveness on the slow, waterlogged court. The brave Borotra beats him unexpectedly in four sets. France wins, three matches to two, and retains possession of the Davis Cup, a battered silver mug which is worth \$50 at any reputable pawnshop. The French Tennis Federation also is assured of holding the final Davis Cup matches the next year. That ain't hay. It's worth about 50,000 paid admissions. A despicable trick, and the brass hats haven't stopped grouching about it yet.

THE lowest manifestation of muckrism in sports is injuring deliberately a dangerous opponent and getting him out of the game. This cute trick is so prevalent in college football that it has come to be considered very good strategy. Now, pro football teams also feature the effectiveness of one outstanding back, but it is significant that incapacitating injuries are comparatively scarce in the play-for-pay game while the sick bay of almost any given college team looks like a field hospital. The Pollyannas would have you believe this is so because the pros are stronger, more mature and know how to protect themselves better than the college kids. Don't believe it for a second. The professionals are not more durable. They are subject to fewer injuries because the other side does not go out to "get" them.

The man who makes an honest living from sport is more likely to be more honest all the way than the shamateur who plays the game in the spirit with which he enters it. According to Federal Government income tax figures, a certain and celebrated amateur track star filed a return in excess of \$30,000 for both 1937 and 1938. You know who, but you won't catch us mentioning names—the libel laws being what they are. And simple souls ceased wondering long ago how come tennis stars, with no visible means of support, can follow the sun all over the face of the earth, year after year, embellishing major tournaments.

It is not our sour-puss intention to slug tennis unnecessarily, but the top-notchers leave themselves wide open. Mr. William Tatem Tilden III was not above the graceless gesture. In 1930, when his reign as the national singles champion was about to be ended by Johnny Doeg, Tilden stooped to a trick a self-respecting pro would have disdained. Doeg was winding up to put away a smash for a winning, crucial point when a loose ball rolled on the court yards away from the direction of Doeg's shot. Tilden insisted that the point be replayed, quoting an obscure rule covering loose balls.

THEN there was the priceless example of graciousness as she is observed by the sweet ladies. Three years ago Miss Dorothy Round of England was playing Fraulein Hulda Sperling of Germany in the finals of the women's singles at Wimbledon. During the match the shoulder strap of Miss Round's slip broke. She requested a brief intermission to repair the damage. Her distinguished opponent refused, and won when Miss Round, embarrassed and hampered by the slip which hung around her ankles, went to pieces.

It is most comforting to go back to the baseball mugs for the reassurance that there is honesty and honor in the sports racket. The temptation is strong and the opportunities numerous to spike or bean "accidentally" a star upon whom the success of a pennant-winning team is predicated. Where would the Yankees have been without Lou Gehrig and do you think the Giants would have won three pennants in five years if Carl Hubbell, the Meal-Ticket, had not been in good working order?

Any one of a number of ball players who coveted \$5,000-worth of World's Series prize money might have put Hubbell out of commission with a careless pitch. Gehrig, who has played fourteen years without missing a game at first base where the traffic is heaviest is exposed to danger twenty-five times a day. Who could prove that a base-runner pounding down to first did not make a false step and land on Gehrig's ankle, instead of the bag, with his sharp spikes? Gehrig has gone to bat against major-league pitchers approximately 10,000 times, yet he never has been hit on the head. He was skulled five years ago in an exhibition game at Norfolk and by a Yankee farm-hand, Ray White, of all people, but hundreds of pitchers who had something very tangible to gain if the Yankees lost Gehrig did not succumb to temptation once.

This should come as no surprise. Don't forget Gehrig is a mere professional playing a game for pay against coarse characters of his ilk. And did you ever hear tell of the international chess master, an intellectual, who always puffs vigorously on a heavy, rich cigar during a match and overwhelms opponents with his smoke barrage?

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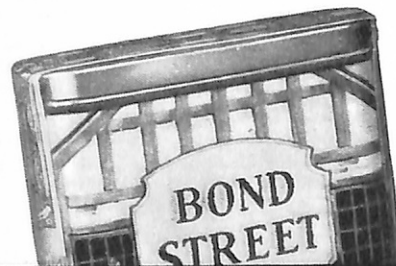


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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 18)

two other parasites go gallivanting. This one has distinct echoes of Thorne Smith in it. (Simon & Schuster, \$2)

There's a new Margery Sharp story—she is the English author who made a great many readers cheerful by writing "The Nutmeg Tree". Her new novel is "Harlequin House". The question whether the whole world is a sort of harlequin's house, or whether only the characters in this novel are merry madcaps, can best be settled by the reader, for this, too, is a book about a forthright and unconventional young woman who managed to collect some extraordinary friends, or at least find them in odd situations. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

THEN, of course, there's the story we're all reading these days—"Wickford Point", by John P. Marquand. Teasing New England traditions seems to be an American heritage. No one can do it as well as a dyed-in-the-wool New Englander, and John P. Marquand certainly qualifies.

He ties the Brills into a knot, but he also makes us well acquainted with the members of this family, which may best be described as radio-active, throwing off sparks but not necessarily moving from a given point. Jim Calder is cousin to the Brills; he enjoys them, ridicules them, is bored by them, escapes, returns to them. Bella Brill is a catty creature who wants attention from males—there ought to be insurance against her kind. Cousin Clothilde is priceless; full of amusing platitudes, she exercises light authority over her circle, and in her we behold the satisfied leader of an introspective group, quite oblivious of the outside world. In some of the minor figures Marquand has pilloried New England phenomena, especially in the case of Allen Southby, who came to Harvard from Minnesota and enters upon the study of New England ways with the enthusiasm of the convert. We have to thank Marquand for many amusing lines, for captivating glimpses of eccentric Americans who are living on the legacy of another generation; in general, for one of the most entertaining families in fiction. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.75)

A Powerful Realistic Novel

Of suffering there is enough in this mad world. But if any should strike us dumb, it is the misery of dispossessed American farmers. Plain people, workers on the earth. Between the buffets of nature and their own kind, they stand bewildered, like honest men outlawed by

fate. Here, of course, is a great theme for the American novelist who can feel their misery in his bones. John Steinbeck has called the turn in "Grapes of Wrath". It is his biggest, most powerful book; it may well be the most powerful novel of American life today. It strikes with force; it compels the most intense attention.

THE story of what happened to the Joads can't be put into a paragraph. The account of their fight against the dust storm in Oklahoma, and their long, hard trip in an old jalopy to the green fields of California, can hardly be discussed calmly. They are not amusing Americans, or smooth-speaking; they have a flow of homely anecdote and profanity. Their migration is the impulse to survive—to get away from the stifling dust which has killed their crops and made it impossible to repay the bank loan. The counter offensive comes from the people of the coast who don't want their gardens overrun by strangers. Over 300,000 swept into California—not a mere handful. Who were they all? We meet some of them—tough eggs, honest men, squatters, roamers, parasites, farmers, migrates like the Joads. And as the tale unfolds, the old die, and new life comes into the world. A story about a great tragedy, a real American problem, by one of the most unflinching realists of our day. (Viking Press, \$2.75)

Katharine Cornell's Career

Two new life stories have an unusual interest for us, because they deal with highly respected contemporaries who have influenced many others.

One is "I Wanted to be an Actress", the autobiography of Katharine Cornell, which has a warmth and whole-hearted eagerness about it; the other is "Autobiography with Letters", by William Lyon Phelps, who taught several generations of Yale men a deep love of great literature.

Katharine Cornell's book is so free from self-importance, so generous in its estimate of others, that it reflects the fine personality of the actress herself. It proves Miss Cornell's statement that "acting is in my blood. The feeling for it was absolutely born with me". But the woman who portrayed Candida and Elizabeth Barrett of Wimpole Street with such grace and beauty, did not get her laurels without hard work. Her husband, Guthrie McClintic, works hard, too, and between them they have made notable contributions to the American theater. Best of all, Katharine Cornell has not been limit-

ed to appearances in New York City. Although the movies never seemed the medium for her, she has traveled widely with road companies, playing before immense audiences, such as that in the Civic Opera House at Chicago, and small audiences in little old theaters elsewhere. When she alternated "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with "Romeo and Juliet", she would play to capacity (\$3,000) the first night and take in only \$700 the second. But eventually "Romeo and Juliet" became important even to the box office. There are some excellent photographs in the book, and by reprinting reviews this becomes a complete history of a great and heartwarming theatrical career. It is stirring stuff. (Random House, \$3)

William Lyon Phelps' Autobiography

A few weeks ago I had the great pleasure of hearing William Lyon Phelps at his best, giving a lecture on the beauties of literature before an audience of men at the University Club in New York. Many of those present had been his students at Yale.

Now, at 74, he is as wiry, alert, eager as ever. Thousands across the whole United States have heard him lecture. Two generations of Yale students have been electrified by him. When we recall that he made even football players cheer for Browning and Wordsworth we see the extent of his influence. His has been an amazing vitality and he has used it to the best possible advantage. His great forte is clearness and informality. With Dr. Phelps near to interpret it, literature becomes warm and living, an intimate friend for anyone.

THUS his book, "Autobiography with Letters", offers some of the most welcome reading in autobiography that we have. This is not a study of inner torment, but of rich, intelligent living, ceaseless activity, eager interest in people. Dr. Phelps has always enjoyed human contacts and there is the legend that he can call all his students by name. His book deals with boyhood, school days, bicycling in Europe, teaching, visits with Thomas Hardy, Henry James, G. K. Chesterton, Edith Wharton, Thomas Edison, George Moore, Helen Wills Moody, Joseph Conrad, Lord Dunsany, Dorothy Canfield and many others, anecdotes about lecturing from Maine to California. Even Gene Tunney, who lectured before Dr. Phelps' class at Yale, gets a chapter. This is enjoyable reading, a friendly book. (Oxford University Press, \$3.75)

Angles for Anglers

(Continued from page 8)

ning to go fishing this summer in Nova Scotia waters during the Tuna run in August and September. Here the Bluefin Tuna (the British call it "Tunny") each year holds a convention in the waters off Wedgeport, Liverpool, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Jordan's Ferry and Lunenburg. Last season Nova Scotia again held top place as the center of the world's tuna angling. No less than 236 Bluefin Tuna were caught in Nova Scotia waters during the short summer season. Brace yourself! These 236 Bluefin giants weighed a total of 99,283 pounds. That four or five fishing ports can produce such a remarkable record is proof of the quantity of Tuna in attendance. At Wedgeport, pioneer Horse Mackerel center of Nova Scotia, the season was slow in getting under way, but what a finish! The first Tuna was brought to gaff at Wedgeport on July 12 and when the last Tuna was weighed on the scales on September 21st, the total for this town alone was 194 Tuna, weighing 77,606 pounds.

The greatest catch of the year in North America—yes, in the world—was the one made by Alfred Kenney, Shelburne's baseball pitcher, when, on September 4th, he broke the world's record with a Bluefin Tuna weighing 864 pounds.

The International Tuna Angling Cup Matches were won last year by the team representing Cuba. The 1939 event, according to Big Game Fisherman Bob Edge, Secretary to the Board of Governors of the Matches, will be a bigger and better tournament with more teams competing. The Wedgeport Tuna tide-rip will be the battleground for the teams competing for the Alton B. Sharp Trophy, and September 6, 7, 8 and 9 will be the days for the event.

Not much doubt of the fact that there will be a British Team, Canadian Team, American Team, Cuban Team and a French Team, so the Matches will sparkle with brilliance. The scoring of such a tournament is as follows: 1 point for the largest fish each day, 1 point for the greatest number of fish and 1 point for the great aggregate poundage—four men on each team.

Fishing for the fun of catching these big ones costs \$25 daily—\$20 per day if chartered by the week, exclusive of tackle and bait. Bait costs \$2 per barrel at Wedgeport, less at the other towns where it is plentiful. Bring your own tackle, a 14/0 reel and a 54-thread line are just right. At Wedgeport, Tuna are taken while trolling in the Rip, and you start out at six o'clock in the morning and you fish until 5 P. M. The weather is cold, so if you want to catch a Tunny in comfort, be sure and get yourself a couple of pairs of heavyweight woolen Jockey underwear, and on some days plan to wear both suits.

Farther north, at Louisburg on Cape Breton Island, there is sport angling for the broadbill swordfish. To prove there are enough broadbill to go around, there are fifteen boats available here at \$40 per day and tackle from \$5 to \$10 per day. As many as four can fish and split this cost of the boat, but it is better to have but two anglers.

Do you tingle to the tug of a fish on the line—a finny battler the size of a good brook trout, or something as big as a horse? Are you looking for adventure? A vacation in Nova Scotia, where the climate is cool and bracing, is yours if you want action—overnight from New York and Boston.

Your Dog

(Continued from page 19)

ENGLISH SETTER—Sharing popularity with the Irish Setter, this well-mannered, friendly chap is every inch a patrician with his cleanly moulded lines. Before guns were in common field use, quarry was caught in nets and this dog was taught when finding it, to "set" crouched to the ground until the net was cast. Hence the name. The modern Setter has been trained to stand pointing toward the game. In or out of the field, he is the perfect picture-dog, with finely modeled head carried high in action, straight muzzle and strong, straight back. Should have medium length, flat coat. Shoulders should be a trifle

higher than hips. Colors are black and white, or various beltons—colored spots or flecks such as orange, lemon, blue or liver on white. Also may be pure white or black, white and tan. Color flecks should not be large. **IRISH SETTER**—The so-called Beau Brummel of gun dogs. He is an impetuous, brave and tolerant dog, with plenty of staying power in the field. Intelligent and deliberate, but once trained, stays that way. A dog of striking beauty with a rich mahogany coat. More leggy than the English Setter, he has a lean head, deep hazel eyes, a finely arched neck and muscular rear quarters. The coat is flat, fine and

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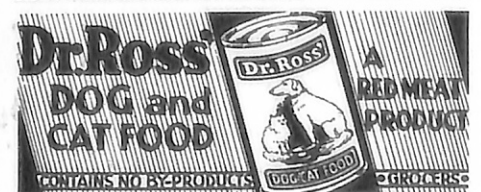
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short, except for the upper part of the ears, where it is long and silky. The hair is longer on the legs and underparts than on the top of the body. There are no weight or size requirements, but he is about the size of the English variety. Black on coat disqualifies; a small amount of white does not. **GORDON SETTER**—Origin Scotland—named for the Duke of Gordon. A sturdy dog of medium size. A methodical, although not fast, field worker, and a one-man dog of great loyalty whose color is rich black with vivid chestnut red marks.

POINTERS—One of the oldest field breeds, and a Spaniard, whose name indicates the purpose of the dogs—to point the quarry. His ancestry contains strong infusion of Hound, with a dash of Setter, both derived from his sojourn in England. One of our finest field dogs, energetic, courageous and swift in action. Very "masculine", with a will of his own, yet amenable to training, particularly for fun purposes. His uncanny instinct for hunting makes him a superb worker. Shows strong allegiance to his master but is quietly reserved with others. Marked by long skull and muzzle, proud carriage and short coat, all of which accentuate his finely chiseled body. Colors are black, liver, lemon or orange on white and the weight is from 45 to 50 pounds. **POINTER** (German short-haired)—A rather scarce, all-purpose dog that can point, retrieve or trail. Web-

footed, he has a dense, water-resistant coat. He is from 21 to 25 inches high and is colored solid liver or liver and white, spotted or ticked.

RETRIEVERS (Chesapeake Bay)—One of the two dogs this country has produced (the other being the Boston Terrier). His origin is a romantic story. Two dogs, probably Newfoundlands, were saved from an English ship wrecked off the Maryland coast in 1807. These dogs were bred to local dogs of uncertain lineage. Resultant generations developed into one of the greatest swimming breeds in the world. A powerfully built, steady dog, cheerful, intelligent and a good watchman. Not unduly noisy. He is double-coated, with the inner coat thick, woolly and oily, which keeps water from his skin so that he can swim in the coldest water for remarkably long periods. Maximum height is 26 inches. His weight is from 55 to 75 pounds. His colors are tan to dark brown. The chest should be deep and wide, with plenty of lung capacity, and rear quarters should be powerful.

LABRADOR RETRIEVER—Origin Newfoundland. A hardy, working, water dog, developed by a frugal, sea-faring people with whom the dog had to earn his keep. He combines unusual loyalty with dignity and is steadfast and quick to obey. Should have short back, short coat and be colored black, with other colors allowed. He is an energetic worker in roughest water. Other

members of the retrieving family are the **GOLDEN RETRIEVER**, origin Russia—color, deep gold. A dog weighing from 55 to 68 pounds, whose maximum height is 24 inches. The coat is flat or wavy. He is quickly taught, an excellent comrade and a good worker. **FLAT-COATED RETRIEVER**—This chap works well on land or water. He is strongly built and weighs from 60 to 70 pounds. Standard calls for . . . "a bright, active dog with an intelligent expression." The coat is thick and flat with colors black or liver. **CURLY-COATED RETRIEVER**—A Spaniel-descended dog with probable admixture of Setter and Newfoundland. Devoted to home and owner and has exceptional endurance in water. Coat is tightly curled, colored black or liver. His height is about 25 inches. **GRIFFONS** (Wire-haired, pointing)—The griffon is a good worker in swamp-land and a good retriever. He is well dispositioned. He has a rough coat and is from 19½ to 23½ inches high. His colors are mixed grey, chestnut or a dull white and chestnut.

(To be continued)

If you want further detailed information as to the care of your dog, enclose stamp for reply and we will be glad to answer your questions or will send you a pamphlet at no cost to you. Address The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

South Haven, Mich., Lodge Dedicates New Lodge Rooms

The first large function held by South Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1509, after moving into its new quarters, was attended by 300 members and visiting Elks. The lodge rooms were dedicated that night, and a class of 35 candidates initiated for the local lodge by the State championship degree team of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge, No. 274.

Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, spoke on Americanism. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and his Assistant, F. J. Schrader, Chicago, John Wilson, Jr., of Lansing, Pres. of the Mich. State Elks Assn., P.E.R. Jack Van Peenen, Lansing, Chairman of the State Ritualistic Committee, and P.D.D.'s W. T. Evans, Muskegon, and Frank Small, St. Joseph, spoke briefly. The speakers complimented South Haven Lodge for winning fourth place in the national contest for high percentage in new membership the past year. The lodge session was preceded by a dinner in honor of the candidates and visiting Elks.

State Association Convention Dates for 1939

ASSOCIATION	CITY	DATE
Alabama	Mobile	May 7-8-9
Illinois	Galesburg	May 12-13-14
Missouri	Sedalia	May 19-20-21
Kansas	Pittsburg	May 21-22
South Carolina	Greenville	May 24-25
Texas	Waco	May 26-27
Georgia	Brunswick	May 28-29-30
West Virginia	Sistersville	May 28-29-30
Kentucky	Bowling Green	May*
Iowa	Fort Dodge	June 3-4-5-6
South Dakota	Aberdeen	June 4-5
Indiana	Evansville	June 4-5-6-7
New York	Saranac Lake	June 4-5-6-7-8-9
Utah	Price	June 9-10
Wyoming	Laramie	June 9-10-11
Mississippi	Jackson	June 14
Michigan	Muskegon	June 15-16-17-18
Massachusetts	Newburyport	June 16-17-18
North Dakota	Valley City	June 21-22-23
New Jersey	Long Branch	June 23-24
Maine	Portland	June 24-25
Oregon	Klamath Falls	June 30, July 1, 2
Idaho	Coeur d'Alene	June*
Nebraska	Fremont	June*
Minnesota	Duluth	August 3-4-5
Washington	Everett	August 3-4-5
Pennsylvania	Bethlehem	Aug. 21-22-23-24
Colorado	Salida	Aug. 24-25-26
Montana	Livingston	Aug. 24-25-26
Wisconsin	Wausau	Aug. 24-25-26
Maryland		
Delaware and District of Columbia	Crisfield, Md.	Aug. 27-28-29-30
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	August*
Vermont	Bennington	Sept. 30, Oct. 1

*DATE NOT YET SET.

Old Timers Night Observed by Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Elks

Old Timers Night, a real institution in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Lodge, No. 161, was celebrated recently by almost two hundred of the members. The guests included 17 Past Exalted Rulers, nine charter members and others who were initiated more than 25 years ago.

So that the latter part of the evening could be given over to the social program, the lodge meeting was held first. The Ritual was impressively exemplified in the initiation of a class by E.R. Joseph L. Kiley and his officers, assisted by P.E.R. George O. Tuck. The dining room was filled to capacity later when a fine squab chicken dinner was served. P.E.R.'s Dr. Leo W. Roohan, Past State Pres., P.D.D. Walter M. Stroup and Mr. Tuck were the principal speakers. Dr. A. J. Leonard acted as Toastmaster. Est. Lead. Knight Carleton J. King was Chairman of the affair. Entertainment included instrumental music, acts of magic and vocal selections.

Ontario, Calif., Lodge Holds Its First Service Pin Night

Ontario, Calif., Lodge, No. 1419, joined the growing number of California lodges which present service pins to their members of long standing when it held its first Service Pin Night a few weeks ago. A. H. Murray, with 48 years of continuous membership, H. W. Flowers, 44 years, P.E.R. William Springer, 38, and G. C. Day, 36, received Diamond Pin or 35-year awards. Twenty-two members received 20-year pins and 55 others were awarded 15-year pins.

The presentations were made by P.E.R. Ora E. Bacon, Vice-Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., P.E.R. Ralph Tanner, a member of the State Service Pin Committee, and P.E.R. Henry Weber of Monrovia Lodge. Before the meeting a barbecue dinner was served by the Ontario officers in honor of the Old Timers.

Bellevue, O., Lodge Officers Initiate Class For Mansfield Lodge

The officers of Bellevue, O., Lodge, No. 1013, accepted an invitation recently to visit Mansfield, O., Lodge, No. 56, and perform the ritualistic ceremonies in the initiation of a class. They were accompanied by a large delegation of members. The visitors were treated by their hosts to a fine buffet luncheon after the meeting.

Sixty couples joined in Bellevue Lodge's St. Patrick's Day festivities which took place in St. Mary's Auditorium. A well-known orchestra furnished music for dancing, and during the intermission a buffet luncheon was served. At its regular meeting on March 1, the lodge voted to donate the sum of \$25 to the Scholarship Fund of the Elks National Foundation.

Nebraska City, Neb., Lodge Honors Its Veteran Members

Charter members, first officers and Past Exalted Rulers were honored by Nebraska City, Neb., Lodge, No. 1049, in March at a meeting presided over by E.R. Herbert H. Hall and a social session arranged by the Entertainment Committee. A splendid luncheon was served in the buffet. The speaking program was informal and extremely interesting and the attendance one of the largest in many months. Nebraska City Lodge was organized in 1907.

Clinton, Mass., Lodge Gives Rain Sets to Student Traffic Directors

The officers and many Past Exalted Rulers and other members of Clinton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1306, assembled on the morning of the presentation by the lodge to local student traffic directors of 13 sets of white rubbers, hats and raincoats. This was in recognition of their fine record in safety and accident prevention. The boys, marshaled by Attendance Supervisor of Public Schools Richard Williamson, were addressed by Chief of Police M. E.

Kelley, and later were entertained at the lodge home by the Elks Committee headed by E.R. Eugene L. Patterson.

The equipment presented to the 13 directors who were serving at the time, became the property of the respective schools, both public and parochial, to be worn by boys on duty during inclement weather. The program was a feature of Clinton Lodge's cooperative work in the Elks National Traffic Safety Campaign.

Hampton, Va., Lodge Observes Its Forty-Second Birthday

Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, instituted on St. Patrick's Day, 1897, opened the festivities in celebration of its 42nd Birthday with a turkey dinner served in the ballroom. P.E.R. Ross A. Kearney was Toastmaster, and Justice C. Vernon Spratley of the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals and Col. Harry R. Houston were the principal speakers.

Hampton Lodge includes in its present membership men who formerly were connected with the military establishments at Langley Field and Fortress Monroe. Many who are now stationed or residing in other parts of the United States remembered the occasion and sent felicitations.

Recent Social Events Held by Concordia, Kans., Lodge

Concordia, Kans., Lodge, No. 586, held its Father and Son Night recently, beginning the festivities with a plate dinner at six-thirty. A large number of fathers and sons were present. If a member had no son, he adopted one for the evening. During the lodge session, the boys, who ranged from 14 to 21 years of age, enjoyed themselves playing cards, pool and ping pong.

Several weeks later the members entertained their ladies at a cafeteria dinner at which 270 were present. All were invited back the next evening for a dance which turned out to be one of the most successful given during the social season.

Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge Presents Prizes to Its Contest Winners

The four winners in a contest conducted by Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 436, among the 14 junior and senior high schools of the area, were entertained recently in the lodge home at a turkey dinner. Later the awards were made by P.E.R. Fred R. Hippensteel, Chairman of the Contest Committee. The fifty, twenty-five, fifteen and ten dollar prizes were received respectively by Henry Hopkins of Catawissa, Charles Becker, Center Township, Jack Shaffer, Bloomsburg, and Miss Helen Letterman, Bloomsburg.

E.R. J. W. Zanzinger of Bloomsburg Lodge and Secy. Grover Shoemaker, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, addressed the gathering.

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A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent **FREE**, while they last, to any reader writing to the **EDUCATIONAL DIVISION**, 551 Fifth Ave., Dept. EM-5, New York, N. Y.

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NO MONEY DOWN

New support for reducible rupture, designed by ruptured man for security and comfort—light, durable. Will send it to you without a penny in advance—wear it 10 days—if satisfied pay only \$8.65 single, \$9.85 double, or return without obligation. Send today for Sta-Put—give location of rupture, size when out, age, occupation, waist and hip measure. **Scott Appliance Company**, 9204 Morris Avenue, Steubenville, Ohio.

Winchester, Mass., Lodge Holds Successful P.E.R.'s Night.

A remarkable feature of the 1939 Past Exalted Rulers Night held by Winchester, Mass., Lodge, No. 1445, was the one hundred per cent attendance of these former officers. The lodge was instituted in 1922 and all of its Past Exalted Rulers are living. Special tribute was paid Senior P.E.R. John McNally who was present after a lengthy absence from meetings due to illness. Several Past Exalted Rulers of other Lodges were guests, among them being Michael H. McCarron, Woburn, a Past President of the Mass. State Elks Assn.

During the meeting the "Old Timers" gave a flawless rendition of the ritualistic ceremonies of initiation, and after lodge adjourned, a talking picture was shown through the courtesy of the District Manager of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. It depicted scenes of the damaged areas in New England visited by the recent hurricane. The Board of Stewards served a delicious supper.

Little Falls Officers Initiate Class For Iliion, N. Y. Lodge

At a special meeting held by Iliion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1444, on March 7, State Vice-President Ford Trask of Little Falls, N. Y., Lodge No. 42, paid an official visit, and the Little Falls Degree Team, composed of the regular officers, initiated a class of candidates. E.R. James W. Bennison, Iliion, was in charge of the opening exercises.

Mr. Trask spoke on the activities of the N. Y. State Elks Association, and was assured that large delegations from both Iliion and Little Falls Lodges would attend the State Convention at Saranac Lake this summer. The Hon. Edmund A. McCarthy, of Little Falls Lodge, present Juvenile Court Judge of Herkimer County, delivered a stirring address. Theodore Fallis was the oldest Elk present. He became a member of Little Falls Lodge, one of the first 50 lodges of the Order, shortly after its institution.

Several Special Nights Held by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge

Irvin S. Cobb, internationally

ELKS 75th NATIONAL CONVENTION CONTESTS

NATIONAL GOLF TOURNAMENT

Monday, July 10th—after 10:00 A. M.

18-Hole Medal Play.....Handicap Tournament
Open to any Elk for 18 holes, as determined by his Handicap. 18 holes only can be counted in this competition. Handicap as attested by the contestant's Club Secretary or Club Professional.

Class "A".....0 to 8, inclusive Class "B".....9 to 16, inclusive
Class "C".....17 to 24, inclusive
Entry Fee \$2.00 for each 18 holes.

Prizes

Low Gross—Second Low Gross Low Net—Second Low Net

SKEET SHOOT TOURNAMENT

Monday, July 10th—at 10:00 A. M.

TRAP SHOOT TOURNAMENT

Regulation Handicap Event—Tuesday, July 11th, 10:00 A. M.
50 Targets at 16 Yards 50 Targets—Handicaps as determined
Five-Man Team—Tuesday, July 11th, 2:00 P. M.
Many valuable Prizes in all Shoot events. Targets \$4.00 per 100

NATIONAL BAND CONTEST

Class "A" (Minimum 35 Musicians) \$75
First Prize.....\$150 Second Prize.....
Class "B" (Minimum 25 Musicians) \$75
First Prize.....\$150 Second Prize.....

NATIONAL DRILL TEAM CONTEST

Class "A" (Minimum 25 Men in Ranks) \$75
First Prize.....\$150 Second Prize.....
Class "B" (Minimum 16 Men in Ranks) \$75
First Prize.....\$150 Second Prize.....

Open (Winners of "A" and "B") Prize.....\$100

DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS CONTEST

First Prize.....\$150 Second Prize.....\$75

PARADE PRIZES

Best-appearing all-Elk Band.....\$100
Largest all-Elk Band from greatest distance.....\$100
Largest number in Parade from greatest distance.....\$100

Best-appearing uniformed body in Parade
First Prize.....\$100 Second Prize.....\$50

Best-decorated Float in Parade
First Prize.....\$200 Second Prize.....\$50

Parade Novelty Prizes
(For Elks Only)

Fattest: \$10 Thinnest: \$10 Tallest: \$10 Shortest: \$10

Minimum of three entries is necessary in competition for prizes in Trap Shooting, Band and Drill Team Contests.

The Parade is to be a night event, therefore all Floats must be illuminated; must be dignified, and must conform to the general theme, "Americanism". All Floats must be approved by their own State Association and the Parade Committee.

Reservations and inquiries are invited as far in advance as possible. The Ritualistic Contest will be held as usual, and probably announcement will be put out shortly by the National Grand Lodge officer in charge.

known writer and humorist, was the principal speaker and a guest for the evening of his personal friend, E.R. Dr. A. W. Kosky, at a meeting of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, held in observance of National Defense Week. Mr. Cobb recounted some of his experiences as a war correspondent during the World War, and also spoke on Americanism. Although he resides in Santa Monica, he is a life member of Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217. Before the meeting, the distinguished guest joined those members born in February, at a birthday dinner.

Visiting Elks and Old Timers Night and Past Exalted Rulers Night were each attended by upwards of 400 Elks. On the first occasion, Secy. Thomas Robinson, P.E.R., read excerpts from the minutes of meetings as far back as 1904, about the time Santa Monica Lodge was instituted. Parchment scrolls, testifying to their loyal service, were presented to Gordon Hoyt, Chaplain for 13 consecutive years,

and John M. Neagle, Treasurer for the past 16 years.

Falls City, Neb., Lodge Entertains High School Basketball Team

Falls City, Neb., Lodge, No. 963, gave a banquet in the lodge rooms in honor of the Falls City High School Basketball Team which for the sixth consecutive year had gained the championship in Southeastern Nebraska. The Rev. Edward Hutchinson, Rector of St. Thomas Church and Chaplain of the lodge, E.R. Harry Simon, Secy., B. G. Shields, P.E.R. B. F. McDonald and Fred Zorn were the members of the committee in charge.

Father Hutchinson presided over the meeting which followed the banquet. The welcoming address was given by Frank Hebenstreit of Falls City Lodge. Coach "Jug" Brown was the principal speaker. A. B. Gelwick, Superintendent of Schools, spoke on sportmanship and scholastic requirement. Father Hutchinson summed up the various talks with an appeal for more interest and help in the encouragement of the local team and all high school activities. A program of vocal and instrumental music was rendered by the students and faculty members of the Falls City High School.

Several Special Nights Featured by Ashtabula, O., Lodge

An audience that filled the large lodge room of Ashtabula, O., Lodge, No. 208, at a public meeting held by the local Elks, heard a stirring address by Lewis D. Williams, State Chaplain of the American Legion. Music was furnished by the local Harbor High School Band. The nine flags used in the Flag Day Ritual were presented by E.R. Thomas Bailey during the course of his brief but impressive speech. Boy and Girl Scouts participated in the program, and the meeting was attended not only by Elks and Legionnaires with their ladies, but by members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, their auxiliaries, The Daughters of the American Revolution, The Catholic Daughters of America and others.

Ashtabula Lodge initiated a fine class on March 10 and observed Old Timers Night on March 30.

DANIEL STARCH*

WENT CALLING

and found—

85 % of the almost half million Elks in this country own automobiles and, even more important than this figure alone, that **84 %** of these automobiles were purchased *new*.

60 % of you *own* the homes you live in.

89 % of you have residence telephones.

51 % of you *own* your own Business.

Elks, as a group, own almost 150,000 automobile trucks.

58 % of you travel regularly for business, with **42 %** of you making ten or *more* business trips each year.

75 % of you take a summer vacation—**22 %** of you are able to take a vacation in the winter months.

These are some of the facts brought to light by the Daniel Starch Survey of THE ELKS MAGAZINE readers. No other magazine is read so thoroughly—cover to cover—by Elks as are the pages of this, YOUR magazine.

Our Editorial pages have been stepped up to the 1939 tempo during these last several months—new illustrations, new color, improved type and a new and modern masthead. The content is still the same—all the fine stories, articles and Lodge Notes that have made THE ELKS MAGAZINE the standout in its field for 17 years have been retained, but they are offered to you in a *new* and *modern* dress.

In April, we began a series of Fishing Stories because Starch found that 56% of you fish—there will be some Hunting News, too, for the 41% of our Elks who hunt.

Let us know how you like these changes—your comments will help to guide us in giving you the very finest magazine you can read.

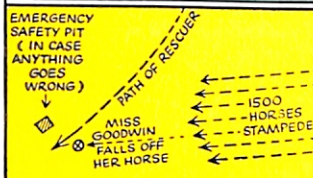
**Daniel Starch is one of the leading Consultants in Advertising and Magazine Research in this country.*



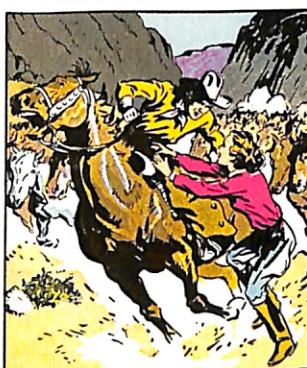
A HOLLYWOOD STUNT GIRL deserves **REAL SMOKING PLEASURE!**

ALINE GOODWIN, OF THE MOVIES, WORKS HARDER THAN MOST MEN. SHE PRAISES A REST AND A CAMEL FOR FULL SMOKING ENJOYMENT

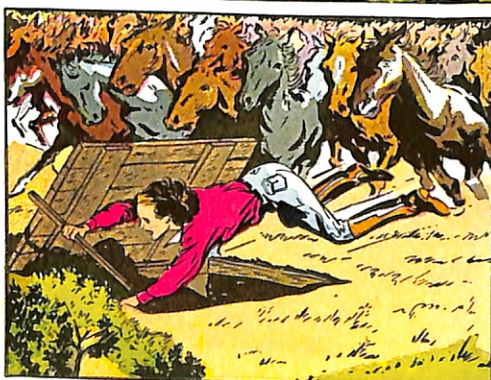
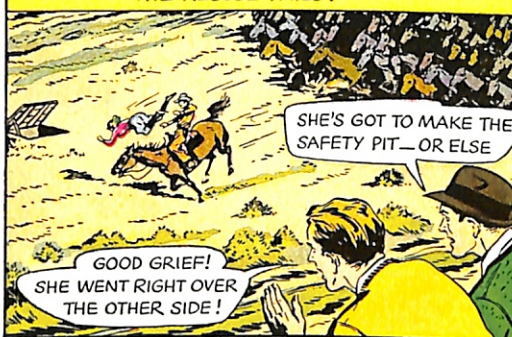
ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES



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THE RESCUE FAILS!



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LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND: CAMELS NEVER JANGLE THE NERVES